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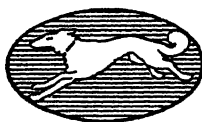


JEROME D. TRAVERS

*THE
FIFTH ESTATE*

THIRTY YEARS OF GOLF

by
JEROME D. TRAVERS
and
JAMES R. CROWELL



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I

THE DUDE ERA OF GOLF



AM a thirty-year veteran in golf. This means I can be out-veteraned by not more than eight years in the United States. To put it in chronological order, I made my bow to American citizenship on May 19, 1887; golf made its bow here on November 14, 1888; and I made my bow to golf in 1896. In point of American citizenship I am therefore one year older than the game, but in point of golf activity here it has an eight-year running start on me, since I did not take it up as a diversion of the cradle, but waited until I was nine years old.

The golf pioneers were brave men, not unlike our sturdy Pilgrim Fathers, who kept pegging away at the foundations of this nation in the face of terrible hardships. Without detracting one iota from the fortitude of these early settlers, I doubt whether their courage exceeded that of the heroes who introduced Uncle Sam to golf and tried to convince him it was a he-man affair. Uncle Sam couldn't see the he-manism of it; and he dismissed it as a sissy game and those who played it as dudes. So positive were the denizens

of the Gas House District on this score that none was so bold as to venture into those quarters with a golf bag swung over his shoulders. Going over the top in France never held such terrors as this.

It is possible this prejudice didn't seep through Long Island in such wholesale doses as it did in New York proper. Or it may have been that my youth blinded me to a situation painfully obvious to my elders, particularly the valorous little army engaged in what seemed like the futile job of trying to make Americans swallow golf and admit they liked it. At any rate, I merely had a vague idea of what the Gas House District thought of golf at the time my brother and some cousins began appearing around our country home at Oyster Bay with golf clubs and conversing in a strange tongue. I am sure their talk about drivers, brassies, tees, fairways, hooks and slices would have been taken for some brand of Long Island patois if overheard by the average city man. And I am not so sure how it would have been taken if overheard by the boys from the Gas House District. That was one blessing the suburban pioneers of golf enjoyed—being at a safe distance from the Gas House District. Country folk are more curious than rough.

If I were to follow the lines laid down by the artist who describes the moving impulses of his youth, it would be good form for me to pause

here and speak of the turbulent emotions which welled up within me the first time I saw a golf club. But having in mind the example of veracity set by the Father of Our Country, I hesitate. The fiddle may stir to ecstasy the boy with a fiddling soul; a Leonardo da Vinci may set off the spark of genius in the youngster with the daubing complex—but a golf club is only a golf club. I venture the suggestion that any boy who goes into raptures at the sight of a golf club would stand a better chance to become a shining star at tiddle-dywinks than at golf.

I do pause to say, though, that though the emotional side of golf does not work out this way, there is plenty of artistry in our great national obsession.

There is rare quality to the music of the links. The beginner does not hear it. It is only the trained ear which detects the melody of the mid-iron, the music of the mashie, the poetry of the putter, the song of the spade, the croon of the cleek and the drone of the driver. It takes understanding to appreciate the lay of the lie, and self-restraint to remain impassive at the fortissimo of the fozzle. The lure of the links must be sensed before one feels the syncopation of the stance and moves to the tempo of the tee.

No music can be more alluring to the soul of man than this blending of links harmony to the

tried-and-true golfer. No audience is thrilled to a higher pitch than that which is swayed by the crescendo of the course.

But the soul of golf is not worn on its sleeve. It does not jump forward to smite the boy who swings his first club. When I gazed upon my brother's set of golf clubs for the first time I was interested, but not smitten. I was interested then more in my brother's interest than in my own interest. He was not a dude. He was not a sissy. He was very decidedly a he man. Then why was he interested in this game, which rumor had it was the specialty of dudes and sissies and not of he men? I felt around for an explanation.

"Golf," said my brother, "is the greatest sport in the world." And he let it go at that. I believe this was the first time I ever heard the game thus described. It seems to me others have since voiced the same sentiment in my hearing.

If golf was and is the greatest sport in the world, I must confess I didn't recognize that fact at the age of nine. Its effect on me was one of exasperation. On the one-hole course I laid out on the back lawn, teeing off beside an old windmill and aiming at the house, about 100 yards away, I would fume and fret by the hour at my inability to send the ball the full distance. My one club was a mid-iron given to me by my brother. It had a habit of either digging a hole in the ground or

coming down on top of the ball. Seldom did it connect cleanly. Perhaps you have had that kind of mid-iron in your own bag.

Now I want to point to my own early experiences at club swinging as a typical example of how the crafty Colonel Bogey and General Par get in their deadly work. One of two things happens to the person making his first shot: He either hits the ball or he doesn't. If that guardian angel which so often hovers over beginners is on the job, and he sends the ball on a long straight journey, he is won over to the game then and there. He is surprised and elated. He stands on the tee looking after the ball in the utmost astonishment, not understanding just how it all happened, but conscious of a warm glow of self-satisfaction. His face is wreathed in smiles as he turns to his friends, with chest expanded, and mutters, "Some golfer—eh, what?" He is completely sold from that point. There is a magic note to the click of the golf ball and a thrill to its flight through the air.

I know of only one other type of beginner who is more thoroughly captivated through the results of his first swing, and that is the chap who foomles utterly. You have undoubtedly seen him often on the first tee—a dejected, disgusted, humiliated and sometimes enraged figure. Of all the pathetic objects of the universe, none excels the big strong

man who has heaved a club at a puny mite of a ball and missed it entirely in the presence of others. It is the one form of slapstick comedy always good for a laugh. The etiquette of the course forbids the spectator to this comedy-drama from giving audible expression to his merriment, but no usage can keep down the mirth that goes on internally.

To the victim, it is far from being a joke. There is no disposition so meek, no soul so placid, that does not rebel. Though his feelings may be masked by a sheepish grin as he tries to think of something funny to say to hide his confusion, the course of his entire future has been molded in that one moment of humiliation. An iron resolution has entered his heart. Missed it, did he? Well, we'll see about that! Never did there live a golf ball, he reasons, which can make a monkey of him—no, sir, not by the sacred putter of Colonel Bogey or the blessed niblick of General Par. And forthwith is initiated a new member in the great golf brotherhood, another poor mortal mustered into that vast army which tramps the fields by daylight and twilight under the delusion that the perfect score symbolized by bogey and par is a physical body and can be overhauled, and is not a will-o'-the-wisp which only a favored few have located.

When I returned to our Oyster Bay home the following summer, after spending the winter at

school in New York, that brand of golf fever which finds its source in the unexecuted shot had taken firm hold. I at once resumed my activities with the mid-iron. I had a little surprise in store for the gutty ball which had so often defied my efforts to drive it over the distance of 100 yards from the windmill to the house. My body had filled out a little, my muscles were a trifle harder, and my energy was that of one tackling a new task. I made a prodigious swing at the ball, caught it cleanly on the face of the club and saw it go sailing swiftly off toward the house—to disappear from my delighted gaze through a shattered windowpane. My enthusiasm was intense. So was that of my father, but of a different kind, when he viewed the broken window.

It was the more spacious lawns in front of the house, and no longer the 100-yard course in the rear, which welcomed me back to the golfing world after I had done proper penance for the outcome of this unexpected improvement in my driving ability. Here I marked out a new three-hole course, the 150-yard first extending from a point near a flagpole to an oak tree, the 180-yard second from the oak to another tree, and the 165-yard third back to the flagpole. They were holes in name only. Actually, there was not a hole on this homemade course. My equivalent of holing out was to hit the two trees and the flagpole.

The difference between my own early experiences in golf and those encountered by most persons is that the germ found a lodging place in my system long before I had reached the age at which the human race is supposed to be susceptible to the malady. I think it must have been the combination of those missed first shots and that one good drive through the windowpane which gave the disease such a splendid start. My ardor and perseverance became almost alarming to the family. They found I preferred this diversion to the one which most boys in good health prefer to all others—eating. And as I was never a particularly commanding specimen of bulk, they would frequently have to urge that I give up golfing and take up eating.

My brother was solicitous in a different direction. He wanted to find out what havoc in my life the innocent gift of that mid-iron had wrought. One day he volunteered to visit me on my home course and watch me make the round of the three holes. I teed up at the flagpole for the first drive, when out of the corner of my eye I saw my brother charging upon me like a mad bull.

"Stop! Wait a minute! Stop!" he cried. I paused. "You can't hit the ball, holding the club like that," he went on, snatching the mid-iron from my hands.

"Who said I can't hit it? I'll have you know,

I hold the record for this course." I bristled with indignation at this slur on my ability as a golfer.

"Sure, and you'll also hold the record for being the world's worst player if you hold your hands like that."

"What's the matter with my hands? I don't see anything the matter with my hands."

"You hold 'em upside down; you can't hit the ball holding your hands upside down."

"Well, upside down or downside up, I hit the ball good enough for me; and if you'll kindly step off my golf course I'll show you how it's done."

But my brother was too keen a golfer to remain a willing witness to anything so unorthodox as the way I held my hands. It seems I had started in playing by gripping the club with the left hand below the right, a position so awkward, and so in conflict with the proper use of the muscles for a right-handed golfer, that it is a wonder how anyone handling the clubs in this fashion can produce any results at all. I have since seen a number of experienced players who have never overcome this early fault; but they were still in the duffer class.

My brother insisted that I correct my grip forthwith.

"You'll spoil my game," I protested bitterly.

"You haven't any game to spoil yet, and never will have at this rate," he retorted, without regard to the wounds he was inflicting upon my vanity.

But the day was carried for sound golf. I capitulated. It was like beginning all over again to swing the club with the position of my hands reversed. The year I had spent in perfecting my form seemed like just so much wasted time. Nobody could have convinced me at the moment that this little seance with my brother that afternoon was to have the slightest influence on the subsequent ebb and flow of four National Amateur Championships, one National Open Championship and numerous other tournaments for golf honors. It is difficult to say whether it did or not. Possibly some other kind soul might have stepped in in time to correct this glaring fault; possibly I might have become too steeped in the errors of my ways ever to have emerged from them.

The stigma of dudism still attached itself to golf three years later, when I abandoned my home course and took up playing on the links of the Oyster Bay Golf Club. But I had become by this time too deep-dyed a golf chauvinist to bother about what the unknowing had to say. The widespread ridicule impressed me as nothing more than a mark of one's ignorance. If it came from a grown man, I throttled the impulse to tell him what a blatherskite he was; if uttered by a boy of my own age, I opened the floodgates of my mind. It wasn't the critics, but the self-proclaimed humorists, who excited my wrath most.

"I've never played golf, but I know shinny well," they would chuckle, looking to right and left to observe the telling effect of that rare piece of wit. And at that I would froth at the mouth. The idea that any sane person could confuse golf with shinny was preposterous. The smirk of those guilty of this bromide was maddening.

The Oyster Bay golfers were one of the little bands of pilgrims who were rallying around the golf banner in various parts of the East. It was a nine-hole course, one that would be considered good even in this advanced day, and the players were the usual type of solid citizens to be found around golf clubs—men who were willing to brave the ridicule for the sake of a worthy cause. And when I look back at the stormy path of this game in its early days here, and all the fun that was poked at it, and the actual indignities its supporters sometimes had to endure, it seems to me that it is the only sport that has grown and flourished in the face of ridicule. The tongue of America is sharp in its assault on those things which do not hit its fancy. Why golf was ever marked I do not know, but that it was a shining target for years is well known. Even today there remain a few who still think golf is a game for old men, women and dudes.

Curiously enough, it was a farmer's boy who was the instructor at Oyster Bay—Willie Mahon,

who had as natural a bent toward the game as anyone I have ever encountered. Willie had learned golf from Devereaux Emmett, now one of the leading golf architects of the country, and had been so persevering in mastering its problems that at the time I met him he was an accomplished golfer, with a proper stance, a graceful swing and a snap in his wrists that sent the gutty straight and far down the fairway. His two brothers were caddies on the course and they too were skilled in the game. A strong friendship, which had as its background a common fondness of golf and the companionship of youth, sprang up between the Mahon boys and myself.

The Mahons recognized in me, I believe, a youngster who preferred learning the science of golf rather than enjoying it as a mere diversion. And the sound advice they gave me really formed the groundwork of what I was able to achieve in later years as a participant in championship events. With all three of these boys, but particularly with Willie Mahon, the instructor, I spent hours and days on the links, not in actual contest but in going over and over again the various shots until my tutors believed the defects of execution had been decreased.

On this point of everlasting practice, and its relation to the production of finished skill, I have some positive convictions which I shall express

later; it will suffice to say here that our daily routine would have been the equivalent of tedium to any but the most devout adherent of this sport. And a devout adherent I was at this stage. Golf had become a thralldom, bogey a fetish, and the feel of the club a sixth sense.

In the Mahon boys ran a wholesome vein of humor, a quality which is so often a saving grace to the confirmed golfer. Frank Mahon especially loved a practical joke. When the exigencies of earning a livelihood forced him to abandon caddying, which in those days brought only fifty cents a round at the leading clubs, and less on some courses, Frank became a freight brakeman on the Long Island Railroad. One day his train stopped alongside a golf course, and from the top of the car Frank saw several boys batting the ball around the course. In all probability they were the sons of well-to-do people, who like everyone else of that period, believed that golf was a game restricted to the more prosperous, since the average workingman had neither the time, money nor inclination to play it. Indeed, I cannot imagine anything more improbable than an epidemic of the golf fever among working people at that time. It was not then as it is today, when people from all stations of life swarm over the hundreds of courses which have risen to replace the few, not rubbing elbows in the literal sense, but banded together by

a common bond and moved by a common impulse which make them what they have come to be—members of the fifth estate.

But to return to Frank Mahon, brakeman, atop his freight car. When he saw the youngsters floundering around the field, topping, slicing, hooking, missing and digging divots from the turf, he hopped down from the car and strolled over to them, watching their antics with the affectation of a bewildered air.

"Why, what in the heck are you kids doing, anyhow?" he drawled.

Their quick survey of his working clothes acquainted them with the reason for this stranger's lack of understanding. Who could expect a brakeman to know anything about golf?

"We're playing golf," they informed him.

"What's golf?" inquired Frank.

"It's a game; you hit the ball as far as you can and try to put it into a hole," said their spokesman.

"So that's golf, is it! Well, I swan, there ain't nothing to that as I can see. Anybody can hit a ball with a great big bat like that."

The boys saw the chance for a little fun at the expense of the brakeman.

"You think anybody can hit the ball, 'do you?" queried the ringleader. "Here now, let's see you hit it." And he handed Frank a wooden club.

"Me? Say, if I ever hit that little ball with this

big bat, I'll knock it for a home run clean out of the lot!"

The boys were having a hard time to repress their laughter. Their imagination took in the picture of the confusion of this hardy son of toil after he had made a vicious swipe at the ball and missed it altogether. Oh, what a yarn this was going to be to tell the older golfers back at the clubhouse!

Frank took the club gingerly in his hands, eyed the tiny ball disdainfully, and disregarding all golf form, squared off like the great Ed Delehanty at bat. The club was in an impossible position for an accurate shot. The head pointed downward, the shaft was poised like a bat in a ball player's hands, almost parallel with the ground, and Frank's body was twisted at an angle which insured a pathetic climax to his boast that he would knock the ball out of the lot.

"Good-by, little ball," Frank cooed, while the boys giggled.

With that he straightened his shoulders, took the proper stance, brought the club up in a graceful sweep and swung it at the ball, all so quickly that the boys were barely able to observe what was happening. There was a swish, a click and a painful silence in the gallery, as the ball rose from the ground and floated down the course for 225 yards, a prodigious distance for a gutty.

"There, what did I tell you? There ain't noth-

ing to this game as I can see," exclaimed Frank, as he brushed some imaginary wrinkles out of his shirt sleeves and turned to face the astounded, speechless little group. He handed the club back to the oldest boy. "I got to get back on me freight car; there goes the whistle. What did you say the game was? Golf? Oh, yes, golf. Well, there ain't nothing to golf as I can see."

And as this strange species of Long Island brakeman sauntered toward the railroad tracks, climbed back on top of his car and waved farewell to the youthful golfers, they still stood in the same spot, gazing at him as though he was something possessed. An inarticulate "Gosh!" a muffled "Gee!" and an undertoned "Jiminy crickets!" were the only sounds that broke the stillness of that immediate section of the links.

Golf was celebrating its twelfth official birthday in the United States at the time of which I speak. The inquiries made by those who have searched into its history have elicited a fund of interesting lore and there are several outstanding points which seem to have escaped attention completely by most of the players of this day. The most startling of these is the well authenticated evidence that golf was first played, not in Scotland, which is generally supposed to have been its birthplace, but in Holland. In its primeval form the sport is believed to have been only a crude outline of what it is in its

modern raiment, but the basic principles were unquestionably there. In my time it has always amounted to sacrilege to advocate radical reforms in the game. The slight changes have invariably been more of an expedient nature than constitutional. A manifesto of the ancient St. Andrews Club of Scotland reads: "The game ceases to be golf as soon as the rules are broken at pleasure." This refers more to arbitrary violations by individuals, but the spirit back of it is the same as that which keeps the game free from tampering.

There is scattered evidence that golf was played sporadically in this country more than a century previous to the time it was placed on an enduring basis in 1888, the year which is now accepted as marking its real beginning. I have heard authorities on the early history of the game tell of a blue law passed in the city of Albany, New York, in 1760, forbidding Sunday play. It is traditional that wherever Scotchmen went they took the game with them, in exactly the same manner as baseball today follows Americans over the face of the globe. In New York, the members of the St. Andrews Society made a practice of providing entertainment for the men who came here with the Scottish regiments in colonial days. Golf was one of the diversions which it encouraged among the soldiers from the native land.

But whatever golf was played here then was of

an unauthorized and local nature. It gained no foothold among native Americans. There is not even any record to show that it stirred sufficient interest to be worthy of the ridicule which greeted its revival more than 100 years later. And with the Revolution it died, leaving only a few mourners, who, in spite of the clannish Scottish spirit and the traditional Scottish love for old customs, were unable to refan the flame to life. It is unquestionably true that here and there over the land were Scotchmen who continued to swing clubs and at times even banded together and mapped out courses, as the records of Texas and other Southern localities show; but it remains that no effort to launch golf in the United States was genuinely successful until thirty-eight years ago. The fact that it had meanwhile taken strong hold in Canada seemed to be without effect.

Let me tell you the story of the real birth of golf in this country as it has been told to me. It is a good story, a real chapter of national history. I was on earth at the time, but not on hand to be a witness to this notable event. A curious fact is that those who fell into line soon afterward were as unenlightened as to its beginning as most persons are today. I can understand this. There were no memories to be hallowed then, no lore to be cherished, no traditions to be upheld, no banner to be waved. I must confess that years passed before I,

a devoted follower of golf, ever knew of the strange way in which the seed was planted—the seed which flourished so well in the richness of American soil and which we now see grown into a crop of amazing magnitude.

There lived in New York in those days Robert Lockhart, a native Scot, a kindly soul who delighted in the good deeds he could perform in his own unobtrusive way, but a man of certain social reserve. He was connected with the old New York drygoods firm of Sweetser, Pembroke & Co., now out of existence, and had prospered here. So when the longing seized him along about 1888 to return to his native country there were no obstacles standing in the way of his holiday. That trip across the Atlantic began as have thousands of other sea journeys—a man's whim to visit the scenes of his youth. Its climax was the beginning of an eventful chapter in American history.

In Scotland, Lockhart visited Tom Morris, Sr., one of the most celebrated characters in all golfing history, who was then presiding over his stronghold, the old St. Andrews course, the existence of which is recorded back as far as 1552. In the '60's and early '70's the two Morrisises, father and son, were supreme in the game and acknowledged none as their equals, unless it was Willie Parke, Sr., of Musselburgh, who broke into their monopoly on the British Open Championship

by winning it three times between the years 1860 and 1872. Only one other name, that of A. Strath, of St. Andrews, appears on this honor roll along with those of the Morris and Parkes in the thirteen-year period mentioned.

Now there is one remarkable phase to golf in Scotland along about the time of this memorable visit made by Robert Lockhart. It is on record that the game had been played there for centuries previous to this period, that it had become the ruling pastime, and even a passion of the Scotch; and that in 1457 it had taken such a firm grip on the nation, and was presumably such a barnacle on industrial progress that Parliament ordained that it be "utterly cryit down, and nocht usit." And yet when Alexander B. Halliday, of New York, now president of the St. Andrews Golf Club of Westchester County, New York, made a tour of the southern part of Scotland on several occasions between 1880 and 1888 he found not the slightest physical evidence of the game being played, though it was popular at the time in and about Edinburgh. Indeed, I learned through Mr. Halliday only within the last few months that he did not hear of golf on this trip, and that he never even saw the game until it made its appearance here in the late '80's.

I am indebted to Mr. Halliday and his law associate, John C. Ten Eyck, one of the American golf

pioneers, for most of the information relating to Mr. Lockhart's trip to Scotland and what eventuated from it. It is presumed that Mr. Lockhart made his first acquaintance with golf on that occasion, that his rounds of the St. Andrews course convinced him that here was sport which really held something for the man who had passed his football days, and that it would be worth the trouble to return to America armed with a few clubs and balls with which to demonstrate the sport to the folks back home. Whatever were the thoughts running through Lockhart's mind, the one important fact is that his golf equipment was in his baggage upon his return—a dozen or so clubs and a number of gutty balls, which in 1848 had come in to take the place of the old featheries.

It is hard to tell what might have happened from this point if it had not chanced that one of Lockhart's good friends in America was John Reid, of Yonkers, New York, then the managing director of a large manufacturing company. In Reid's veins ran the blood of Scotland; in every fiber of his being, passed down from a rugged Scottish ancestry, was a love for the ancient, time-honored customs of the native land. And John Reid was a leader of men, a forceful character and gifted with a magnetism of personality which imparted rare charm to his one pet hobby—the singing of old Scottish songs. Critics of musical technic

might have found much food for comment in the quality of Reid's voice, but none with regard to the dramatic emphasis of his presentation. John Foord, an authority on Robert Burns, said of Reid's singing that it bore the fruit of reviving Scottish music and an understanding of it in this country.

Robert Lockhart took the souvenirs of his voyage to his friend John Reid. And across the horizon of Reid's vision there suddenly loomed a great thought. Here was a relic of his beloved Scotland, brought to him by a man from Dunfermline, the town of his own nativity, which would keep alive in this New World the best traditions of the old land; which, if he appraised the native American temperament rightly, would blend and harmonize with the more modern setting and bring to the people of this country a measure of the wholesome joy it had provided the Scotsmen on their native heath. As Reid visioned it, this was a boon of the first water to American mankind—a rare gift from the most gracious of the Scottish gods, to be treasured and preserved.

Soon afterward a party of five men sat down to dinner at the Reid home in Yonkers. They were, besides the host, John B. Upham, Harry O. Talmadge, Harry Holbrook and Kingman Putnam. That was on November 14, 1888; and around the table that evening was born a golf club which took

the name of the daddy of all known golf courses, St. Andrews. It was the birth of the game in the United States. It was the start of what you see to-day, the vast golf chain welded from links that stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific and that each day call a great army of souls into communion with the outdoors and into contact with the most diverting, most mystifying, most alluring of all sports.

So it was John Reid who was the founder of this new empire, the fifth estate of man, and Robert Lockhart who furnished the first munitions for the war which has been waged relentlessly against the citadels of Colonel Bogey and General Par since that day. And it seems quite proper that the five men who met at Mr. Reid's home should have done the very thing they did do—take formal cognizance of Mr. Lockhart's part in the launching of the new movement by electing him one of the original members of the club.

Golf lightning struck in more than one spot at the same moment. In England, the dawn of the new era had preceded the American movement by merely a matter of some eight or ten years. Previous to that golf was better known in Great Britain than here, as the founding of the present Royal Blackheath Club in London in 1608 would indicate; but it was not until around 1880 that the game really came into its own on the British Isles, the

first Oxford-Cambridge match being played in 1878, and the first amateur championship in 1886. The situation furnished one of those sidelights on human character hard to fathom. For generations the game had remained dormant, a lost cause, with its embers barely smoldering. And then the gale broke, unexpected and unheralded, to fan the fire into a roaring furnace and to send it sweeping over the land like a prairie blaze.

It is a strange coincidence that after all these years it should have occurred almost simultaneously to more than one resident of this country that golf was a game admirably suited to the American temperament. While the Reid movement was in its earliest stage of development, Samuel Parrish, a New York banker, saw the game played in Biarritz, thought it possessed rare possibilities for introduction into this country and upon his return home formed the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club of Long Island. The sponsors of this undertaking were wholly unaware of what was taking place in Yonkers, only a comparatively few miles away, exactly as John Reid and his associates knew nothing of what was going on at Shinnecock Hills.

The original home of the St. Andrews golfers was a strip of unoccupied land near Mr. Reid's home. Here six holes were roughly laid out, and over this crude course the pioneers engaged in their daily rounds of the game, interested in it more

from the standpoint of the enjoyment and exercise they got out of it than from the missionary work they were doing. Their solitary employe was a man who mowed the grass and rolled the greens. It was a club without a clubhouse and a links with only one-third the full complement of holes. But these were minor obstacles to the doughty pilgrims of the game. It was not unlimited funds, nor brick and mortar, nor a perfectly constructed course which was required to keep the spirit of the movement alive and vigorous. Their compensation came in the knowledge that they had adopted the ideal sport for men of all ages, in the friendly intermingling of companionable souls and in the evidence that their ranks were growing in a steady and wholesome manner.

When the membership had reached a point which taxed the field adjoining the Reid residence to an uncomfortable degree, the club opened a nine-hole course on the estate of William Delevan Baldwin, who was himself an enthusiast and turned over the land rent free. But still there was no clubhouse. Its place was taken by a gnarled old apple tree near the first tee, at which the players would assemble before starting out on the round of the links. This apple tree was everything which the modern clubhouse later came to be. It was the meeting place before the game, the dressing room and the nineteenth hole, the most pictur-

esque rendezvous of this description the game has perhaps ever known in this country.

The keenest regret of my golf experience is that I was born too late to enjoy the rare treat of seeing the old apple tree laden with the coats of the players or to watch the St. Andrews clan gathered under its spreading boughs at the end of a day's play, swapping stories of missed shots and wasted opportunities precisely as we did a few years later and are still doing. For it was this group of men who constituted the famous Apple-Tree Gang, a tribe whose steadfast fight for a worthy cause has won it an everlasting place in the history of the game.

Golf had begun to make such headway at this time that the St. Andrews members found it imperative to locate in suitable quarters. So the apple tree was forsaken when the club moved to the Odell mansion a few miles away, and the membership was enlarged to take care of the increasing number of applicants, a percentage of whom were Americans who had taken up the game on European links and were clamoring for a place to play in their own country. In making this move, the Apple-Tree Gang merely acceded to a demand of the time, and certainly not to any wish to abandon the spot around which so much sentiment clustered.

I believe the spirit that impelled these three steps

of expansion, and the subsequent one when the present clubhouse was occupied in 1897, was aptly expressed by Mr. Ten Eyck recently when he said: "We did not move because of any dissatisfaction, mind you, but simply to take care of the larger membership. We were never dissatisfied with any of the courses. The old six-hole course near John Reid's home brought us just as much pleasure as we find in our more commodious quarters now."

Before leaving John Reid, the father of golf in America, and the staunch little group that put their shoulders alongside of his in keeping the wheels rolling, I am going to speak of one or two of the basic principles upon which they established the game here. Reid appreciated thoroughly that the future strength of golf in America depended upon the close observance of the rules and the maintenance of the courtesies of the sport. He ruled with an iron hand. He dried up the springs of possible dissension by brooking no criticism of the club officials, who were giving their time without compensation to the care of the club and its affairs.

"These gentlemen"—the officials—he would say to the assembled members, "are entitled to courteous support. If you don't think they are the proper men, you have the elective power to make whatever changes you wish."

And he never failed to emphasize that the rules of the game must not be violated.

"It is improper to ask other players for permission to go through. It is their place to ask you, at such times as you have the right of way."

I commend this thought to the two or three million persons who have taken up the game which he fathered. If there is any one basis for unhappiness in the universal brotherhood of the links, it is neglect of the amenities of the course. No player lives who has not at some time experienced the vexations that come from a disregard of the etiquette so essential to a common enjoyment of the sport. We all know them—the foursome which deliberately bars the way of the twosome, the player with a lost ball who will not surrender his place, the man in the rear who screams "Fore!" at those ahead of him, the chatterer who keeps up an incessant fire of conversation. It was these and others at whom Reid aimed his shafts of censure; and it is recorded that golf in his day was played without the annoyances which are bound to follow disrespect for the rules.

A side light on the newness of golf in America then is furnished in an incident which concerns Mr. Ten Eyck. There were no American professionals or golf architects in that day. The early St. Andrews courses were laid out on the specifications contained in a book written by Horace

Hutchinson, a veteran English golfer, who was the recognized authority on links construction. One of the illustrations in the book was the reproduction of a medal showing the figure of a golfer with a club poised for the swing. St. Andrews selected this as an appropriate design for a medal to be awarded to the winner of its tournament. When Ten Eyck took the illustration to the medal maker and asked him to cut a die similar to it, the man gazed at the picture in a puzzled way.

"What's the fellow supposed to be doing?" he asked Ten Eyck.

"Playing golf."

"Oh, yes, that's the new game; this is the first time I've ever seen it played," said the man.

A good drive with the gutty was 180 yards, a full shot with the mashie 110 yards. When one of the St. Andrews members drove 200 yards on one occasion it was such an unusual happening that the old New York Sun, one of the few papers which deigned to pay any attention to the sport, published an announcement of his accomplishment. And I commend that piece of golf history to the player who speaks glibly of tearing off 250-yard drives consistently. I admit the rubber-cored ball has added many yards to the length of the drive, and that 250 yards today is merely the equivalent of what 200 was then, but I fear the average player is inclined to exaggerate the distance of his shots.

The golfer who gets 225 yards in his drive as a regular diet is up in the very top rank.

I am going to tell you of Charles B. Macdonald, the winner of the national amateur championship in 1895, the first year it was played under the auspices of the United States Golf Association. Mr. Macdonald today is a member of a prominent New York brokerage house, and though nearly thirty-one years have passed since the day he vanquished C. E. Sands, of St. Andrews, by 12 and 11 in the final round for the amateur title on the links of the Newport Golf Club, his interest in golf is as unflagging as it was then.

A strong, vigorous character on the links and off, Charlie Macdonald has always been a figure of the keenest interest to me. I think it is this rugged type of man, with a personality which says in so many words that its possessor is going out to get whatever he wants, who symbolizes the spirit of golf more than any other. Victory in the game does not gravitate toward the timid. It is not difficult for me to picture this sturdy product of Scottish ancestry as the one who would fight his way to the top in the first organized championship held here.

As a boy, Charles B. Macdonald played golf on the St. Andrews links in Scotland. His love of the game was still strong when he came to America to make his home; so strong, indeed, that in 1878 he

brought his clubs over from Scotland, that he might at least be able to go out into the fields now and then to swing them. To his friends here he talked golf. He tried to tell them that no game was quite the equal of this ancient sport which had been played by the 'Kings of Scotland, the Prime Ministers and other great men of state. But—on his own admission—they yawned and were not interested.

James Deering was one of Macdonald's close friends. And Deering in the early days was inexpressibly bored by Macdonald's patter of golf.

"Charlie," Deering used to say to him, "when you come to my house I must of necessity sit quietly and listen while you ramble along with that endless chatter of yours about golf. I am glad when the time comes for me to go to your house. Thank the Lord, I don't have to listen then."

Macdonald, playing as a member of the Chicago Golf Club, had finished second in the two championship tournaments of the previous year. The first of these was played at Newport and won by W. G. Lawrence, of Newport, with a medal score for the thirty-six holes of 188, a single stroke less than what the Macdonald card showed. In the second championship, held a month later at St. Andrews, he had finished one down to L. B. Stoddart, of St. Andrews, at match play. A good score for a round of the nine holes was forty-three to

forty-five strokes. When Horace Rawlins, one of the early professionals, won the open of 1895, his score was 173 for the thirty-six holes, an average of $86\frac{1}{2}$ for the eighteen.

It was Macdonald's persistent reversion to golf as a pet topic of conversation that made him the object of much good-natured raillery among his friends. De Lancey Nicoll, distinguished in the legal profession of New York, was one of his intimates and a fellow member of the Union Club, an organization which enlists its membership from the older and wealthier families of the city. One evening when Macdonald opened up on his favorite subject, Nicoll raised a protesting hand.

"Wait, I have something to say before you begin this oration. I want to ask you what is the meaning of all this nonsense. You're a man, aren't you? Do you think it's any part of a manly occupation to spend your time chasing a pill over a ten-acre lot? Do you?"

Under the force of this assault upon the sacred game he had cherished since boyhood, Charlie Macdonald gasped for breath.

"Manly? Manly? Why, this is the manliest game on earth! Why, this is the greatest sport the world has ever known! Why, this is——"

But he was talking to thin air. Nicoll had fled.

Sometime later Mr. Macdonald was back in his Chicago office when De Lancey Nicoll called.

"Charlie, I'd like you to take me out to the Chicago Golf Club this afternoon for a round of golf."

There was sincerity in Nicoll's tone, but Macdonald had submitted to too much buffeting in the past on the score of golf to be easily misled. He eyed his visitor with suspicion.

"May I be so bold as to ask what is the occasion for this change of heart? Or if it is one of your inferior jokes, proceed." His words were fringed with an Arctic blast.

"That's the funny part of it—it's not a joke, Charlie," said De Lancey Nicoll. "I want to confess frankly that my eyes have been opened. I have learned something. Learned it from you and other men who understand golf—and from books too. Your persistence and your insistence intrigued me. I went to the library and sought for what information there was under the indexing of golf. I found that it was played by admirals, by generals, by justices of the highest courts and by other men of great talents on the St. Andrews course in Scotland. So I determined to take it up myself. You see seated here before you a golfer, one who now understands the palaver which was once so meaningless. I, De Lancey Nicoll, am seeking to improve my mind."

Revenge was never sweeter. Neither the honor of winning the first organized championship nor the pride of planning the wonderful National

Links of America at Southampton, Long Island, a crowning architectural achievement, has brought keener satisfaction to Charles B. Macdonald than this capitulation of De Lancey Nicoll to golf.

And these men I have mentioned, with their comrades, were the voice of golf, and these conditions were its status in the early years of the present century when the thought came to me that perhaps I had progressed sufficiently to pit my play against that of the older and more experienced golfers. I was fifteen then. The Oyster Bay Club, where I had spent so many pleasant and profitable hours in practice with the three Mahon boys, had gone out of existence. My father, Vincent P. Travers, always a keen adherent of the game, had joined the Nassau Country Club at Glen Cove, Long Island, an eighteen-hole course and a severer test of golf than the links on which I had gained my first real knowledge of the game. In the quarter of a century which has passed since that time Nassau has lost none of this early prestige. The links remains as one of the finest in the metropolitan district, added to and improved meantime, and an imposing, beautifully appointed clubhouse has risen to take the place of the one I knew as a junior member.

From an incident which occurred in my first match of importance I have been led to believe that Nature does not tamper seriously from year to year

with human emotions, or, to put it another way, that we of today are not temperamentally different from those of other years. William Hicks, the highest ranking player of the Nassau Club at that time, was my opponent in a specially arranged handicap match. At the end of nine holes I was three up on him without the handicap. That was a faze for the pride of Nassau to absorb, so he did precisely the same thing which many men of this generation would do. In his perturbation he railed at the game he was playing and punctuated his unhappy state of mind by smashing two or three clubs across his knee.

Perhaps it will furnish some consolation to the chap who in this generation gives similar vent to his feelings to know that such a performance is not his own original act. I take it that clubs have been smashed in this manner for centuries; I am quite positive that there is at this moment many a hickory sapling with budding ambitions of a long and honorable career in golf for which the future holds a like ignominious fate. It is the nature of golf—these things.

And this brings me to Aleck Smith, the professional at Nassau then, one of four brothers whose deeds on the links form a notable chapter in the history of golf in America. My unexpected victory over William Hicks attracted Aleck's notice. He watched me practice and detected three glaring

faults at once. My back swing was too long, my arms were too stiff and I was holding my right hand over the shaft. In his blunt fashion Aleck told me that I would be a hopeless golf proposition for the rest of my life unless I remedied these defects.

"Do you want to be a duffer or do you want to go some place, kid?" Aleck asked.

I assured him that wanderlust was my middle name.

"All right; now that we understand each other, kid, let's see what you can do." The appellation of "kid" still clings to me as far as Aleck Smith is concerned.

The advice given in Aleck's succinct way bore immediate fruit. The first shot I made in accordance with his instructions carried with it a snap of the wrist which gave both direction and distance. And of the various points I gathered on golf form in the preliminary chat with this famous professional, I want to emphasize the benefit to be gained by keeping the right hand under the shaft and not over it. If you happen to be having trouble with your strokes, see if it is due to this cause, and then try a shot with the palm of the right hand under.

Aleck Smith and I became warm friends. He is a character. He lives golf. You can't get to know Aleck without feeling that his relationship to the game is as intimate as the course itself. I



Photo by Edwin Levick, N. Y. C.

ALECK SMITH,
who tutored Jerome D. Travers

have followed him around in many of his important matches. In the Open Championship of 1910, played on the links of the Philadelphia Cricket Club, three players finished the seventy-two holes all even at 298. They were Aleck Smith, his brother Macdonald and J. J. McDermott, a great golfer and winner of the two succeeding open titles.

The tie among the three existed after seventy-one holes of competition. On the seventy-second green Aleck's ball lay two feet from the hole. He had but to sink this puny shot to capture the championship. Not a soul in the gallery gathered about the green believed there was the remotest chance he would miss. But he did miss. He tapped the ball quickly—and it failed to drop. Any novice would have been ashamed of the exhibition.

As the players and spectators were leaving the green I hastened to his side and looked at him in a contemptuous sort of way.

"Why didn't you take more care with that putt?" I demanded.

"I figured if I fussed around with it I'd miss it altogether."

"Well, you blithering idiot, you did miss it altogether, didn't you?"

"Oh, that's all right. Don't worry. I'll beat those fellows in the play-off."

He did. He made a 71. McDermott a 75 and Macdonald Smith a 77. His golf temperament had remained unruffled in the face of a situation which would have unnerved almost anyone else. He had forgotten entirely about that piece of carelessness which might have proved so costly.

Aleck was a wonder. He still is.

II

THE REIGN OF THE OLD MAN



LET us examine this heritage left to us by the pioneers of golf in America. Just what is it? Have you ever paused to analyze it—you who have felt the thrill that comes as the ball sails majestically on a long flight down the course, or as it dribbles up close to the pin from the perfect pitch shot, or as it winds in and out over the undulating green and drops gently into the hole? You know that these are things of surpassing joy; have you tried to fathom the reason why?

In our quest for the answer, I suggest we turn momentarily to those who blazed the trail, not in the dim and musty long ago, but well within the recollection of the man who hovers around the meridian of life. We do not have to conjecture as to unrecorded motives; the voice of the American founders is still vibrant to reveal to the newer generation what it was all about in the beginning.

I went in search of the underlying impulses which inspired John Reid and his followers to in-

troduce the game here. Was it to them merely an interesting pastime, a hobby of the day? Did they recognize its unique qualities?

Did they vision their activities in its behalf, not in the narrower sense of gratifying their own interest in the game, but from the broader standpoint of launching a great national movement? Did they know that it would grip the American temperament in a vise of steel; that it would raise the standards of health in this country; that its influence would gather unheard-of momentum, penetrating into almost every crevice of human activity, into industry and commerce, into politics and the affairs of state, and even into the home life of the nation? Did they understand all this?

No man not of them is privileged to act as their spokesman in the interpretation of the psychology of that superficially unimportant event some thirty-one years ago.

I was not of them; the privilege is mine no more than yours. But I have heard the voice that comes from within; it bares to me the spirit which ruled the pilgrims of golf in our country; it sounds the keynote of what was in their minds and explains all that we are seeing today.

"It was a move toward the resurrection of youth," this voice said—the voice of John C. Ten Eyck, who was elected to membership in the band of pioneers at their second meeting, four months

after the St. Andrews Golf Club had been organized.

The resurrection of youth! I wonder whether this summation drives home to you the story it does to me. I wonder whether the average man, making the rounds of the course, intent on the performance of a task which is never the same from day to day and which epitomizes the sage thought that variety is the spice of life, refreshed by the sun, the air, the exercise; relaxed in body and mind, the cares of the world obliterated for the moment—I wonder whether he realizes he is being carried along in a stream that points to the resurrection of his own youth.

With most of us, I believe it is only our subconscious selves which have grasped this true ideal of the game. We merely see the result; few of us stop to examine into it. But the seeing of it is, after all, the vital point. It is enough that he who benefits knows that he benefits, even though that thought be the vaguest sort of thing in his mind, confused with his enjoyment of the outdoors, mixed in with his vexations at the contrariness of clubs that do not function properly and the perverseness of balls that dart off at the wrong angles, and mingled with all the varying emotions which flourish on the links and fill the souls of golfers. It is unnecessary that he make an exact analysis of the situation and say to himself that here is the resurrec-

tion of youth; it suffices that his thought has taken firm root in the back of his mind, as it has.

If you marvel sometimes at the growth of golf, and seek the explanation in the many reasons known to every golfer, only to find no one tangible solution, I suggest you consider the simplicity and soundness of the thought brought to us by Mr. Ten Eyck from the little group of pathfinders, of which he was one. It all becomes so strikingly evident, so refreshingly plain, so delightfully simple, when you realize that the structure has reared itself on the platform of youth. Remember the salient points—that the play instinct in most men lives on to the end of their days; that under the old order those who had passed the thirty mark were waved to the sidelines, to become gloomy and envious spectators of the preponderant rights of youth over age in the unequal, unfair apportionment of diverting games; and that in golf they found both the master sport and the avenue which reopened the vista of youth. Could there be a more convincing battle cry?

Now the chap who has not been initiated into the fifth estate of the realm, after making note of the emphasis placed on the game's appeal to men of maturer years, might properly ask how it happened that I became so enmeshed at a time when the resurrection of youth meant nothing more to me than did the Chinese national debt. The answer to that

question penetrates right to the core of the whole business. It is this—that the sport which made its bow here as the medium for furnishing recreation to men past their athletic prime is in reality without age restriction in either direction. Its original character has vanished long since. The lure of the links has proved as fascinating to the youth of the land as it has to those for whose amusement it was intended. Youth has added golf to the long list of sports which youth can enjoy; age reverences it as the only outdoor game which age can enjoy.

I offer the foregoing in explanation of the circumstances which brought me into active competition at fifteen and as an aspirant for national championship honors at sixteen. My maiden quest for the amateur title was not an incident which turned the golfing world upside down. I was drawn in the first half of the one hundred and twenty-eight competing players, won the first round from Dr. S. Carr, of Huntington Valley, and then dropped unostentatiously out of the tournament when P. H. Jennings, of St. Andrews, defeated me 4 and 2 in the second round. The championship was played at Nassau, my home course, and was entirely match play, there being no qualifying round.

Aleck Smith, my tutor and sincere well-wisher, was less disconsolate over this setback than I.

"Well, I got beaten," I confided to him after the match, as though this was a rare piece of news.

Aleck was so blunt he even looked blunt.

"What of it?" He barked back. He snapped. He glowered. And I stammered.

"I had—er—thought—I had—er—hoped that I might—er—

"Win?"

If it had been my intention to express any such notion, Aleck's rasping inquiry caused the idea to flee in panic-stricken haste from my mind. I was speechless, but Aleck was not.

"There's one thing nobody'll ever be able to say about you, kid. Nobody'll ever be able to say you haven't a lot of gall."

From which comment I took it that Aleck Smith regarded it as a trifle presumptuous for a youngster of sixteen to entertain ambitions of winning the amateur championship from a field of one hundred and twenty-eight of the leading players of the country upon the occasion of his first try for it.

The quality of homely gruffness in Aleck's make-up was charming. He never hesitated to say what was in his mind, regardless of the time or place or fitness of things. And he was no respecter of persons. Once he was giving instructions on a Southern course to a man reputed to be worth forty or fifty millions, the owner of vast copper interests, and a personage of imposing stature as well as of imposing position in the financial world. He had worked patiently for an hour or more, trying to

show the copper king how to swing the driver. But this man who was so adept at accumulating millions was pitifully inept as a golf pupil. The best he could do was to graze the ball so that it trickled away just a few feet from the tee, or to miss it altogether.

Aleck's patience gave way at last. As his huge pupil made the twentieth or thirtieth inglorious attempt to connect with the tiny ball, there came a roar from Aleck's vicinity which was wafted with distinct clearness to those seated on the veranda of the clubhouse.

"Hit it, you big brute, hit it!" Aleck thundered. And the strange part of this incident is that the "big brute," who was rich enough to buy the golf course which employed Aleck without even noticing that his bank balance had been disturbed, merely wilted under the verbal lashing and meekly tried to obey the command. It was a new experience to him, this thing of being bawled out to his face by someone he was paying to perform a service. He admitted afterward he liked being treated rough. And under Aleck's vigorous handling he learned how to play.

As I look back upon the events of that day, I can see that there were two vital elements in the curriculum of my schooling. One of these was my willingness to stick everlastingly at practice. I spent hours upon the putting green, making careful

note of every motion which brought the best result. I learned that the most essential point of putting is to look at the ball and not at the hole, to hold the body perfectly still, not crouching down to overcome the shortness of the club, but in a comfortable, almost upright position, and always to use a follow-through. The stroke should be pendulum-like, made with the hands and wrists and without sway of the body, and the concentration of the mind upon its execution absolute.

I speak of putting particularly, because it is far and away the most important of golf strokes and outdistances all others by a great margin in its relation to the winning of honors on the links. Think over the good putters of your acquaintance and recollect if they aren't the fellows who are always hovering around the top. Try to become one of them. The joy you gain from turning in a good score will be a more frequent experience, and you will know you are becoming proficient in the most useful but most neglected department of the game.

The other element which stands out in my early training was the instruction given by Aleck Smith. The two are closely related. Smith was, and still is, not only an especially able instructor but he has always been a glutton for the practice phase of golf. When he found that I was really ambitious to accomplish something in golf, he used all the

force of his commanding personality to impress upon me that the one spot in this world where a man can't get by through sheer luck is on the golf links. I mean by that what he meant—that no one can get by for any length of time. The element of luck hovers over every shot made on the course, but it works both ways. It is against you as often as with you. Sometimes it happens that the fates stick with one player through an entire tournament and land him a winner. But it is a transitory glory. It doesn't last. He doesn't repeat.

"Let me tell you something about this game, kid," Aleck would say. "If you want to learn how to play it, practice; and then after you have practiced for a while, practice some more. The next step is practice. When you've practiced long and faithfully, and have your shots just where you want them, you'll find you're sitting on top of the world if you just observe one little point—keep on practicing."

This advice, plus the observance of it, bore fruit the next year when I encountered H. G. Hartwell in the final round of the interscholastic championship and defeated him 4 and 3. In principle, it was still just as good; but in productiveness, less effective in the amateur championship of that same season, my second try for the premier title. I lost to D. P. Fredericks, of Oil City, Pennsylvania, by the margin of one hole, which was as near victory

as defeat can be, but quite sufficiently removed from winning to transform my interest in this particular event from that of participant to that of spectator. And yet defeat was not entirely bereft of advantages. I spent the remainder of the week studying the methods of the foremost players, and finally saw H. Chandler Egan, of the Exmoor Country Club, defeat Fred Herreshoff, of Ekwanoek, in the final round 8 up and 6 to play. It was this same New Jersey course, Baltusrol, which was destined to be the scene of some of my most interesting golf struggles in later years.

If I were to set down the high lights of my golf experiences here and abroad in their relative order of importance to me, I should have to reserve a place near the top for one that came a few weeks after the amateur championship of that year. Before telling of it, I want to say something of the two men who figured in it with me, Findlay S. Douglas and Walter J. Travis. Indeed, no document which attempted to describe the growth of the game in this country would be even moderately complete without liberal mention of these two famous golfers, whose names are almost as well known to the golfing world today as they were a score of years or more ago.

Findlay Douglas was the winner of the 1898 amateur championship, the fourth time it was com-

peted for under the auspices of the United States Golf Association. His character is so golfish in every detail that it has often occurred to me that even a stranger to the game would size him up as a golfer upon meeting him for the first time. He radiates the atmosphere of the links. He rolls his *r*'s in the most artistic Scottish manner. There is a wholesomeness to his personality which speaks of the outdoors, a suggestion of the tree-hedged fairway flooded with the warmth and good nature of a summer sun; a note of the undulating green where converge most of the human phases of the game—the test of skill, plus the exhibition of stoicism and the ability to accept the vagaries of luck with becoming grace. A fine opponent, Findlay Douglas; a skilled and gracious foeman, and the essence of the most useful of all the psychological qualities of golf—concentration.

The world's foremost amateur golfer of the day was Walter Travis, who was even then known as the Old Man, though only forty-two years old at the time. That season he had crowned a brilliant record by winning the British amateur championship, the first and only time it had ever been done by a player from the United States prior to the victory of Jesse Sweetser in 1926. The fact that he had come originally from Australia did not detract from his feat being regarded as distinctly an

American victory, for it was in this country he had won his spurs as a golfer. Three times the American amateur championship had fallen to him in the four-year period from 1900 to 1903, and when his quest for the British title ended in an unlooked-for and spectacular triumph, he enjoyed the rare distinction of holding both crowns at the same time. The ascension of H. Chandler Egan to the American throne came after Travis' return to this country.

Travis' English triumph is a golf epic. The late Waldo Burton, who was at Sandwich at the time and fancied the long odds quoted against Travis' chances, a foresight which repaid him handsomely, gave me a first-hand account of it. Let me give a brief outline of the incident as Burton related it to me.

The outstanding feature of Travis' play had been the accuracy of his shots. The precision of his putting was uncanny. To many an American opponent the click of his putter had been as a funeral dirge of the links. He was never beaten on any hole until he and his adversary had attended to the formalities of putting. If it happened that his opponent lay six feet from the pin in 2 and Travis twenty feet away in 3, it was no safe bet that this could be counted as a lost hole for the Old Man. In fact, the reverse has happened many times. Travis has sunk his twenty-footer



Photo by Edwin Levick, N. Y. C.

WALTER J. TRAVIS

and the other player, unnerved by this exhibition, has floundered around with three putts before holding the ball.

But in the 1904 British championship the bottom seemed to drop out of America's hope for success when Travis suffered an unaccountable slump in his putting a few days before the start of the tournament. It was a complete reversal of his usual putting form, and the distressing part of it was that the trouble showed no evidence of disappearing as the day for the championship to start drew close. In fact, as Burton told me, Travis awoke on the morning of that day itself with his putting troubles in their most aggravated form and with none but an outside hope that a sudden windfall would put him back on his game.

The windfall came. It came in the form of a putter which he borrowed from an American friend as he went into action. It was a type of putter the English people were wholly unaccustomed to, a product of golf in America and known as the Schenectady putter because it was invented by a man named Wright, who worked for the General Electric Company at the Schenectady plant. I do not know whether Travis had ever used one of these clubs before, but the effect which the change produced on his play was amazing. Waldo Burton told me he sank the first putt he

made with it and from that moment he was invincible on the greens.

Through the various rounds of the British championship Travis literally putted his way to the final round, in which he faced Edward Blackwell, a capable veteran of the game and a demon driver, who some twelve years before had driven a gutta-percha ball three hundred and sixty-six yards at St. Andrews. His streak of phenomenal putting never faltered. The English critics admitted they had never seen anything to equal it. Hole after hole which seemed to be lost to him on Blackwell's advantage from the tee and through the fair green was won by the deadly putts which Travis kept dropping into the cup. One hole may be used as an illustration. Travis had used a cleek from the tee, but the shot was so bad he had to use the same club for his second, which found him on the edge of the green about thirty-five feet away from the cup. Blackwell was on in 1. Travis dropped his thirty-five-footer for a 3, and Blackwell took three putts for a 4.

The match was marked by an incident which is unquestionably without parallel in all golf history and stands small chance of ever being duplicated. After Travis had sunk two or three long putts, Waldo Burton seemed to sense that the American champion had embarked on a remarkable

exhibition of putting. It was something more than a hunch. It was a conviction.

A hole or two later Travis' ball lay some distance from the cup, the chances being about two to one that he would not sink it. As the Old Man surveyed the ground preparatory to tapping the ball, Burton turned to one of his English friends and offered to bet him even money that Travis would hole the putt. The Britisher snapped him up, and Travis obliged his American admirer by dropping the ball into the hole.

When Travis' ball lay twenty, twenty-five, thirty and thirty-five feet away from the pin on subsequent greens, Burton kept offering to bet all comers that the putt would be made, increasing the stakes as he went. The Englishmen, believing that this weird streak of accuracy could not keep up, accommodated him by covering every wager. And Travis continued rewarding Burton for his unwavering faith by shooting the ball into the cup from all distances and all angles.

Burton had won so much money toward the final stages of the match that his English friends were not only broke but refused to make further bets against Travis, no matter if his ball lay thirty-five feet from the pin. I have never heard of a similar situation and never expect to hear of one. The odds against a player sinking a thirty-

five-shooter should be at least ten to one. I cannot see how the time will ever come again when a gallery will have a chance to get an even bet on the proposition, and certainly no gallery of the future will ever refuse to make the most of such an opportunity, if it comes.

Soon afterward the British golf authorities barred the Schenectady putter from competitive play. Its use is still legal in this country. Aside from the fact that our authorities regard it as essentially fair and in perfect harmony with the best traditions of the game, it would be a pity for us to repudiate an American-invented club which had such an important bearing on the first victory of America in the British championship. And then, too, its designer conceived it in one of the strongholds of American inventive genius. Wright used to play at the Mohawk Golf Club of Schenectady. The late C. P. Steinmetz, known as the electrical wizard, and others from the General Electric Company were members of the club. Steinmetz is reputed to have been such an ardent golf enthusiast that on one occasion, when three fellow players were waiting for him at the first tee and urging him to hurry, he became so precipitous in his desire not to miss the foursome that he rushed from the locker room without his knickers and was totally unaware of the scantiness of his

attire until the hilarity of onlookers warned him of his ludicrous appearance.

And now to return to the incident which I started out to relate. It came in connection with an invitation tournament held at the Nassau Country Club in which I managed to work my way through a strong field to the semifinals, the first time I had ever succeeded in going that far in an important event when pitted against the older and more experienced players. My opponent in the semifinals was Findlay Douglas, he of the enormous capacity for concentration, a seasoned player and one of the favorites to fight out the issue in this tournament. My well-wishers and I were hopeful, but certainly not optimistic. And that fact perhaps added a little more zest to the thrill we got out of it when I eliminated the former national champion 2 up and 1 to play after an eighteen-hole round in the morning.

It was Walter Travis, three-time winner of the American amateur title, the British champion of that year and the recognized master of the game in this country, whom I opposed in the final round that same afternoon. My unlooked-for victory over Douglas had quite naturally brought with it a feeling of confidence, but not of a brand to produce any illusions about the difficulties of the job ahead. Even the aid and comfort offered by my

mentor, Aleck Smith, were not entirely reassuring. In a few succinct sentences Aleck hammered it into my consciousness that I must forget that it was Walter Travis I was meeting; such a mental hazard would be ruinous. Sound advice, I'll confess, but try to do it. I doubted my own capacity to generate such high-powered concentration.

Neither was my enthusiasm increased as a result of a disconcerting discovery I had made in my match against Douglas. I had noticed a decided slump in my putting at various stages of that round. I couldn't fathom it and certainly didn't want to worry about it too much. But there it was looming like a portentous cloud on my horizon, a duplicate of the same devilish unexplainable thing which had haunted Travis himself before the British championship. And as putting, together with the short iron work, seemed like the one spot where I could possibly match the skill of my veteran opponent, the sudden appearance of this fault bore every evidence of sounding the knell of the slim chance which comparative form gave me to conquer this doughty, serene, impassive warrior of the links.

Now comes another striking parallel between my own case and that of the Old Man at Sandwich. After my morning round with Douglas, I chanced to mention my perplexities to Guy E. Robertson, a fellow member of Nassau. Robert-

son, a student of golf, knitted his brow in deep thought for a moment and suggested that perhaps I had suddenly gone stale with the cleek putter I was using.

"Try my putter and see if it helps any," he recommended. And just as Travis' American friend had done at Sandwich in an identical situation a month or so before, Robertson handed to me a Schenectady putter. I took it over to a practice green, tried it out, noticed an improvement and asked if I might use it that afternoon.

"Sure; put it in your bag; if it fails you, go back to your regular putter," Robertson advised.

"No, it's one thing or the other," I replied. "I'm going to sink or swim on the work of this putter. I'm leaving the other one in the locker. If I try using both of them I'll be lost for keeps."

I believe there is a destiny that governs golf shots. In my thirty years on the links I have observed its queer manifestations on innumerable occasions. They were at hand in allopathic quantities that afternoon; and now that I can lift the veil of years and inspect the working of destiny in the first of what was to be a prolonged series of matches with Walter Travis, I am more than ever impressed by the thought expressed by Haultain in his essay on the Mystery of Golf, in which he says:

"The planets move in orbits exact as mathe-

matics itself; the great balls of the universe are holed out year by year with a precision which mocks our finest tools. Predict we can to the fraction of a second when Venus will approach the rim of the sun or Luna fall into the shadow of the earth. But man, the master mechanic of this terrestrial globe, versed in all the laws of parabola and ellipse, can no more govern the flight of his pygmy gutty ball than he can govern the flight of the summer swallow."

And Travis could no more govern and I could no more govern the tricks of fate which bobbed from their eerie hiding places and pranced in elfish glee over the fairways and the putting greens of the rolling Nassau course than we could govern the tricks of circumstances which flit across the paths of our everyday lives. There was, for instance, the matter of the length of our respective drives. By every precedent of our previous form, the forty-two-year-old veteran should have enjoyed a sweeping advantage over his seventeen-year-old opponent in this department of the game. But he didn't. I was invariably well up with him from the tee; sometimes the margin of length was in my favor.

And there was the more important matter of the ebb and flow of the battle itself. By every method of reasoning, by every science of prophecy, I should have wilted under the tension of facing

so distinguished an adversary and been crushed under the methodical precision of his shot-making. But I wasn't. The ogre of stage fright was missing; the nervous strain which I came to know only too well in later years never appeared. Why? I should like to know why myself. Perhaps it was the lack of self-consciousness which is sometimes the blessing of youth, or a passing freak ordained by the gods of psychology, or more probably a manifestation of the ungovernable side of golf which makes it so mysterious and surrounds it with such charm.

Only at the outset did it appear that one of us at least would flout the Haultain theory of ungovernable flight and that the tide of battle would flow in entire harmony with the approved principles of science. Travis, the master mechanic, was functioning with the precision of a Swiss watch. His tee shots flew down the course with arrow-like accuracy, his approaches followed the appointed line and his putts dropped into the cup with monotonous regularity. I had made a brave get-away by halving the first hole with him in 4, but on the second he ran down a putt from the edge of the green for a 4 against my 6, the most strokes which either of us required on a single hole in the entire round. And when I followed this with a topped drive from the third tee, to take a 5 for the hole against his third successive 4, it fur-

nished the gallery with the needed evidence that the kid had begun to crack and that the day would be simply another vindication for past performances and form.

Two down after three holes of play. Certainly the principle of ungovernable flight was running true to form in my case. But what of Travis? Nothing ungovernable about his shots. Was he going to prove that scientific reasoning may be well and good for scientists, but something else again for golfers? Was he not only going to beat me but Haultain too? Perhaps, but not for the moment. Haultain and I won the fourth with a 4 to his 5, halved the fifth in 5 and then squared the match at the sixth, aided and abetted by a long putt which I dropped by means of governed flight, thereby placing me in the position of slipping one over on my ally, Mr. Haultain himself. And I followed this with another underhand one in his direction when I sank a short mashie pitch from the side of the green for a 2 at the seventh hole, one less than Travis required.

One up after seven holes. Not so inglorious after all. And what about past performances? Also Haultain? Not that I was worrying about these problems then, but simply that retrospection brings them before me. And my conclusion is that past performance was receiving quite a drubbing while Haultain was being both defied and

vindicated—defied equally by the Old Man and the kid when these long putts clucked into the holes, and vindicated when the controls proved they were human through an utter lack of mechanical precision.

My advantage, plus the attendant joy, was short-lived. Form reasserted itself after we had halved the eighth in 4. Travis took the ninth with a 4 to my 5, the tenth was done in even 5's and he won the eleventh with a 3 to my 4. A half for the twelfth, and then came another of those uncanny putts which were transforming this match into a rare exhibition of skill on the greens. It clicked from Travis' putter as he stood on the rim of the thirteenth green, took just the right roll and scored a bull's-eye. And I was thereupon 2 down, with only two more holes to go.

I have led up to this point of our match with another thought in view than a mere description of the contest. It is a thought which has been dinned into my consciousness through a period of golfing which covers a span of years longer than the age of most players who compete for national honors today. It is simply this—that no golfer should feel that he has any match put away on ice until the final putt has been made; and conversely, that none should admit defeat until that moment has arrived. Remember this—that the fortunes of the game are as fickle as the winds are

variable, that they shift with meteoric speed, that confidence should not be confused with overconfidence, and that victory is the reward only of the victor and not always of the player who scents it. I speak as one who has learned from bitter experience.

You have heard of the break of the game which puts in an appearance at some point or other in every contest of skill, to swing the ultimate tide one way or the other. In all sports it springs from either a physical or mental source—physical when the uncontrollable element of chance asserts itself to divert the fortunes of war away from their even keel, and mental when the thought of certain success or inevitable failure gets in its deadly work of interrupting a perfect coördination of the faculties. In the physical sense on the golf course, the break of the game may be a pebble that turns the winning shot into a losing one; in the mental, it is the sudden obsession that you can't win or can't lose.

The break came in this match at the fourteenth hole. There was every indication that I was well beaten. I thought so, the gallery thought so and I am sure Travis was of the same opinion. And then two vital things happened at the same moment. My opponent, as familiar as he was with the fickleness of golf, seemed to take it for granted that I could not overcome this handicap.

There was something about the careless way he played an approach to the fourteenth green which told me he had decided that I had ceased to be a threat, and the effect of that on me was irritation. It fanned a spark of renewed determination. If I was destined to lose, it could not be said I had not gone down fighting.

And so it happened that I won the fourteenth, halved the next two and squared the match on the seventeenth. To accomplish this had been my set purpose since I had suspected that goat-getting let-down on Travis' part. It was a wholesome lesson never to be forgotten, indelibly engraved in my memory, because of the distinguished source through which it had come. Travis, more than I, had made its accomplishment possible. And my present interpretation of it is that it pointed a double-barreled moral—don't give quarter, don't give up.

Have you ever noticed that the baseball team which ties the score in the ninth inning enjoys the distinct advantage of elation versus gloom? That principle held in my match with Travis, and it will hold in any similar match, though not necessarily opening the avenue to victory. Mine was that kind of elation, the ninth-inning-rally brand; but I cannot truthfully say that any pall of gloom hovered over the Old Man. If he had deviated for the moment from his established rule of never

relaxing until victory had been made absolutely bomb-proof, he wasn't doing it any longer. He was now the unrelenting foeman he had been in the earlier stages of our match and as he had been with other opponents in winning three American championships and one British.

Going to the eighteenth hole, we both played with a steadfastness of purpose, he with his fighting spirit now thoroughly aroused and I in a jubilant mood at the outcome of this byplay which had guided our destinies from the fourteenth hole on. We were both driving well, approaching well and putting with marvelous accuracy. And we each dropped the ball into the cup for a 4, which meant that we had finished the round all even.

The impasse was unbroken at the third extra hole, the twenty-first, after each of us had all but snatched victory from the other by fine putting on the nineteenth and twentieth. On the twenty-first green Travis' second shot lay about twenty feet from the pin and mine about ten. The Old Man surveyed the ground carefully, stepped up to his ball, tapped it and sent it spinning toward the hole. The gallery, with nerves as highly strung as ours, stood motionless as it traveled on toward the cup and came to a halt just a few inches to one side. And not a word was uttered, nor did a muscle twitch perceptibly, as my ball

moved away from its impact with the pendulum swing of my newly acquired putter. It was good all the way. It dropped into the cup with a refreshing cluck. The match was ended. The miracle had happened. The kid had vanquished the Old Man.

When I recall the frequent cases of nerves I have suffered in important golf matches it surprises me that I was able to remain impassive in the match I have just described. Nerves are the bugaboo of the golf course. Aleck Smith is one of the comparatively few players who never seem to be affected by them. I marveled at this ability and inquired the why and wherefore.

"Oh, I never get nervous," said Aleck. "I don't know what nerves are when playing a match. I can't afford to be nervous, especially on the putting green."

"If it didn't happen that you are so much bigger than I am, and that you are not such a bad skate generally, I'd say you're the world's champion liar," I admonished him.

"You've never seen me show my nerves, have you, kid?"

"No, but that doesn't mean a thing. What I want to know is, How do you manage to suppress all evidence of them?"

"I haven't nerves, I tell you." And that ended that.

Some time later I followed Aleck around the course of The Country Club, Brookline, Massachusetts. The greens were extremely fast there. If a player overran the hole it meant that he might end up three or four feet or possibly ten away from the cup. On one of the holes Smith placed a brassie shot four feet from the cup and then promptly overran the cup eight or nine feet. From there it took him three more putts to hole out, which gave him a large 6 for the hole instead of a birdie 3.

"What happened to your putting on that hole?" I asked, after the match.

"Too much nerves."

"I thought you told me a while back you never had nerves."

Aleck pondered over that.

"Say, kid," he observed finally, "do you remember you almost called me a liar that day? Well, call it to me now."

In the heat of battle golf generates many different varieties of nerves. To exhibit them is certainly no sign of the white feather. It is not always the highly strung man who is unable to control them under fire. Among my golfing friends are a number of that type we regard as lion-hearted, fearless of any physical combat which may be encountered. Yet I have seen these very same chaps go to pieces when confronted with the

job of sinking a six-foot putt for an important victory. And I have seen the acknowledged timid souls step up boldly to the task and show not the slightest sign of emotion as they sent the little ball on a straight and true journey toward the cup.

You hear people speaking constantly of the ideal golf temperament. I wonder if anyone can define it exactly. Most of us believe it is expressed in such imperturbability as that shown by Francis Ouimet, a truly great golfer. But if that is true then what of the highly strung Robert T. Jones, Jr., who to my mind is the greatest player the game has ever known? It is true Bobby has curbed the temper which used to assert itself in such violent form, but I doubt whether his nervous energy is any the less. I doubt, too, whether he would benefit if it were. The benefit he gains has come in the mastery of this force and not in its annihilation. And it is greatly to his credit that he has managed to control the nerve centers which once flared up in the face of adversity and caused him to fly into a rage.

Golf nerve is identical with golf temperament, but both are close to being indefinable. In one sense the courage of the man who does not quail before a puny putt on the deciding green reaches heroic dimensions; in another it may be the most negligible of quantities. Jack Dempsey has waded into the sturdiest of opponents without the

slightest sign of fear, but does he wade into a five-foot putt at a critical moment without a sinking sensation around the heart? He may; I don't know anything about his golf temperament; but if he does, it is because he is gaited that way and not because of any basic bravery in his soul. And to venture a guess I should say that Jack Dempsey is of the type which approaches this task with cold shivers coursing up and down the back. He is a bundle of nervous energy. That means nothing with respect to his ability to sink an important putt, but it means plenty as to his mental attitude toward this battle with a puny rubber-cored ball.

I am unconvinced that it is inborn stolidity that gives to the golfer the tranquil mind and steady hand which propel the winning shot. To me this quality appears more in the nature of an agency which merely helps him solve one of his keenest problems—concentration. If the ideal golf temperament can be defined in anything less than a volume teeming with hypotheses, I believe the place to seek the explanation is in the rendezvous of practice, the haunt of assurance and the stronghold of concentration. Practice makes perfect, or as nearly perfect as golf can be; perfection makes assurance, and concentration brings the mind into coördination with the body to crystallize the fruits of the two others. There is no order

of relative importance. Each is as vital as the other.

The greatest pleasure derived from golf comes to those who have learned to play with a reasonable amount of accuracy. The happiest member of the golf family, I believe, is the fellow who consistently goes around in the eighties and occasionally enjoys the rare thrill of hitting the seventies. His game is good enough to steer him away from the exasperations that come from a frequency of dubbed shots. He experiences a sense of pride in having it known among his fellow club members that his groove is the eighties, and sometimes when he is more on his game than usual, the seventies. It is a good groove. He doesn't have to worry about not getting into the first sixteen of the club championship. A place in that division is assured him. He is always a threat to the three or four chaps of his own circle who have a slightly lower handicap than his. Sometimes he wins the club championship; or if not that, the Saturday and Sunday ball sweepstakes or one of the other tournaments now and then. He is omnipresent at the finish.

Average golf is somewhere around the hundred-stroke mark. If you regard that as a fearfully high figure to fix as the average, I'll offer you a simple expedient for proving that the estimate is

not far wrong. In your own club are one hundred and fifty to three hundred members. Out of that number think over how exceedingly few there are in the seventy class, how limited is the circle of eighty men, how well populated is the division of ninety men and how many there are over the hundred mark. Some clubs have more of the latter class than do others, depending on how many of its members took up the game at a late day in life, but I think you'll find the average running pretty even the country over.

He of the eighty group, who is the better-than-average player, holds a distinct advantage over every other type of golfer in the actual enjoyment and recreation gained. Free of the troubles of the duffer, he has the bulge on the other extreme of the tribe, the seventy men, because he suffers no illusions about the bigger stakes of the sport and doesn't bother going in pursuit of them. It doesn't become a terrible calamity with him if he suddenly develops a slice from the tee or if his putts fail to behave as they should. These troubles he can overcome at his leisure, without the oppressive thought which haunts the seventy man in a like emergency that he must by some hook or crook smooth the difficulties out before this championship or that the following week. And I can testify to the fact that form trouble for the seventy man is no meager visitation of woe. I'm thinking

especially of an experience I had on the eve of one of the British championships, but am reserving the relation of it for its proper place.

It is with no thought of discouraging golfers from striving for the championship division that I speak of the special joys set apart for the eighty man. On the contrary, few of us ever drop into that delightful circle without aiming originally for the higher target. Though he might not confess it, I am quite confident that back in the consciousness of nearly every golfer who has dabbled with low scores there has been at some time or other an ambition to press on to greater things. For the player of the consistent low eighties and the occasional seventies has mastered golf mightily well and merely hovers on the outskirts of those who battle for the championships themselves. One cannot become intimately acquainted with those scores without traversing the thorny paths of never-ending practice and without acquiring abundant assurance and boundless concentration.

Your measure of diversion on the links is what you yourself make it, for golf is without limit either way in the joys it can bring and the torments it can cause. I believe that even golf torment is better than no golf at all, but how much better it is to gain the maximum instead of the minimum when one is as easily obtainable as the other. If you doubt that they are on a parity in their avail-

ability to seekers; if you feel that golf skill comes only after a long period of practice drudgery, then what of the discomfitures of the inveterate duffer. who makes his drive and cusses, makes his approach and cusses and makes his putt and cusses more? Is that not drudgery of an unadulterated hue? Is it not the kind of drudgery which is without end, a permanent fixture of your relation with the links which expands as it goes and eventually becomes a burden of such bulk that the scales which weight the fun and misery of the game barely balance in favor of fun?

"Well, all right," says the confirmed duffer, when you fire your philosophy of golf at him, "I'll concede everything you say. But what's the answer?"

Let's give it to him. Let's tell him to call a halt forthwith, start over again as though he was the veriest beginner and proceed in a scientific way to correct the faults at which he has hurled a withering fire of profanity. Learn to play right. The home professional will show him; that's one of his jobs. Discard the old tricks of swing and stance; forget the habit of dropping the shoulder and lifting the head; loosen up the rigid muscles and tighten up the flabby concentration; keep your eye on the ball and cease gazing at the cup. It is not nearly so difficult as it seems. It is only in theory that he is moving backward to the beginners'



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class. When the kinks have been smoothed out and the mind and muscles are working in harmony, along the only lines which good golf acknowledges, the years he has spent as a duffer will prove they are not utterly wasted. For the least they can do is to establish a basis of comparison between the old and new, and in that there will be ample compensation.

I have a radical theory on the methods which should be followed in learning how to play golf properly. It is the antithesis of a basic principle of training in which I have always had faith—a thought which has evolved by easy stages through a period of thirty years on the links. I have never instructed. I do not know whether it would work out in a practical way. I simply surmise.

My thought is that it would be well to reverse the order of introducing clubs to the beginner. Give him the putter first instead of the driver, the shortest club in the bag instead of the longest. The putter first, the mashie second, the mid-iron third and the driver fourth. Let him practice with them in this order; not master them, mind you, but practice. And then when he has shown a reasonable amount of aptitude with each, bring on the other clubs to round out his equipment—the niblick, the mashie niblick, the jigger, the driving iron or any other he wishes to carry in his bag. The first four clubs are the basic ones; the shots

made with the others are variations of the form acquired in their use.

I believe it is better to present the clubs in this order for the reason that the backward swing is increased step by step. Its effect would be to impart a delicacy of touch at the outset and simplify to the beginner the difficulties of the highly important follow-through. Before he had become a victim of that natural obsession of all golfers—the desire to send the ball on a long journey, for there is a thrill to that—he would be impressed with the value of accurate putting and his mind would be uncluttered and receptive to the lesson that golf matches are largely won and lost on the putting green. His first impression would center around the vital influence of the putter, and it would, like most first impressions, be lasting; and he would avoid the pitfall of believing that the long swing of the driver applies to all clubs.

Perhaps there are professionals in this country who have evolved the same theory and are using it. I do not offer it as a great discovery, but merely as a thought which has crystallized slowly through thirty years in the game.

When such phases of golf as those I have just discussed, the philosophical and theoretical, come before me, my mind usually reverts to Walter Travis, who was a fine student of the game. And when I think of Travis, I always recall the con-

fusion regarding us which once existed in the public mind because of the similarity of our names and the many stern battles fought out between us. It was good clean-cut rivalry, without spleen or rancor ever showing its serpentlike head. Travis was not nettled when it happened that I won; the dignity of the veteran was not injured by the precociousness of the youngster. Yet I sometimes had a suspicion that the Old Man couldn't quite reconcile himself to the notion that he certainly ought to be able to beat me, whether he did or didn't. In fact it was something more than a suspicion. Let me tell you about it.

In the Metropolitan Championship the year after I had played my memorable match with Travis at Nassau, memorable to me at least, I encountered him for the second time, and again the tide of victory ran my way when I won, 7 and 6. Our next clash was at Westbrook. Here the outcome of our previous meeting underwent a complete reversal. Travis mauled me up and down the Westbrook course and finally left me gasping for air with the count of 8 and 7 to go in his favor. It was even a more decisive victory than I had scored over him in the Metropolitan at Fox Hills, Staten Island.

I was dressing in the clubhouse after the match when I heard Travis' familiar voice. I glanced up and saw him in conversation with a friend a

short distance off. Neither of them noticed my presence, and I was about to break into the conversation when I chanced to overhear a remark made by Travis which told me it would be better for me to fade out of sight and not to let him know that I had been an unwilling eavesdropper.

"I think it's going to be different from now on." the Old Man was saying. "I don't think the boy is ever going to defeat me again."

Perhaps these weren't his exact words, but they were something of that nature. At any rate, neither his tone nor his words were in any sense boastful. Travis was not of the boasting type. He was merely expressing a conviction which had come to him, without the slightest thought of glorifying himself or minimizing the ability of an opponent.

Not only were the matches between Travis and myself of extreme interest to each of us personally but it seemed that they were invariably marked by some unusual happening.

The oddest of these incidents featured the nip-and-tuck battle we fought the same year in the final round of the invitation tournament at Shinnecock Hills, Long Island. We came to the eighteenth tee all even, each of us spurred to the highest tension by reason of the strong rivalry which had now developed.

In a close match of this kind a player feels a

sense of relief after he makes each shot and sees that he has not foozled it. When my drive flew away from the eighteenth tee and headed toward the pin on what appeared to be a long and straight journey, I breathed a little more freely, since a dubbed shot at this stage meant in all likelihood the turning of the scales. But after it had carried well on to two hundred yards, the ball suddenly hooked to the left toward a stretch of rough grass. All of us about the tee were following its flight every inch of the way, and we all saw it strike one of the caddies in the back.

As we reached the spot where my ball had fallen to earth we could find no trace of it. We asked the caddie, an Indian boy, what had happened to it, but he denied that it had struck him and protested he had not even seen it. This was palpably an untruth, since everyone near the tee had seen the ball descend at the exact point where he had been standing. There had been no optical illusion about it. The whole thing had happened in plain view.

But an obstinate caddie is nothing if not the epitome of obstinacy. There was nothing for us to do but to take his word for it and to look for the ball. And then began a minute search of the rough grass in the immediate vicinity, the gallery joining in and seeming much chagrined at the possibility of a so stubbornly fought match coming to

such an unhappy conclusion. And as for Travis, he seemed to be taking it more to heart than I was. The vigorous way in which he pressed the search told everybody that the one particular ambition of his life at that moment was to find the lost ball. And that is one of the delightful points of golf—the sportsmanship of it.

With the officials who supervise the playing of a final round, there is no leeway when it comes to a question of the application of a rule, whatever their personal inclinations might be. So, after the search had been in progress for the allotted five minutes, W. A. Putman, who was the official overseer of this match, had no other course than to announce that the time limit for the recovery of the ball had expired, which meant that I had lost the hole and hence the match. But Travis wouldn't permit the rule to be invoked. When Putman called out that time was up, he gave a vigorous and negative shake of the head. Officially, the time might be up; but unofficially, we were going to continue the hunt for that ball. That was Travis' edict.

One of those participating in the search was the late John Montgomery Ward, who some years previous to this had been famous in baseball as the captain and third baseman of the New York Giants and who at this time was an amateur golfer of decided skill. It was just after Mr. Putman

had made his announcement that the attention of the searchers was attracted to a colloquy taking place between Mr. Ward and the Indian cad-die.

"What's that in your pocket?" Mr. Ward was asking him.

"I ain't got nothin' in my pocket," the boy protested.

"Yes, you have, and I think it's a golf ball."

Whereupon Mr. Ward dug into the youngster's pocket and extracted the ball I had driven from the tee. It was my ball without a question. I had purposely marked it for identification by digging the two red dots from either side. And yet it was a complete mystery how it had ever found its way into the Indian's pocket. No one had seen him stoop to pick it up, nor had he made any suspicious move after it had struck him in the back. The only solution I have ever been able to arrive at is that by a weird working of chance it had passed through a tear in his shirt and remained in this strange lodging place. When he found it there the youngster was in all likelihood afraid to make his discovery known, fearing that he would be disciplined for getting in the way.

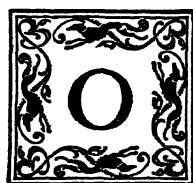
Upon resuming play I almost brought the match to an end by planting the ball three or four feet away from the cup and barely missing the cup for a 3. We halved this hole, and the deadlock lasted

until the twenty-first green, where Travis sank a ten-footer for a 3 and victory.

I have never regretted losing that match to the Old Man.

III

NERVES: SPECTRE OF THE LINKS



ONCE a week Saturday morning rolls around—an old-established, universal and unalterable custom. The glorious sun of a rare day in June floods the earth—and does many things. The particular function I have in mind is that it casts its joyous rays into the suburban home of that rapidly growing clan which philosophizes that all work and no play is exceedingly bad stuff for Jack, and proceeds to protect Jack from the evils of excessive toil by seeing that he stays away from the office every Saturday and Sunday through the summer months.

“Of all the useless things in the world, the most senseless is going to work on Saturday mornings,” soliloquizes Jack. “You can’t see anybody on Saturday morning; there’s nobody to be seen; everybody knows that. Archaic, I call it. Thank heaven, the world’s getting some sense in its noodle. I hope I break ninety today.”

As the sunshine floods the earth, so do peace and good will illumine the soul of Jack as he sits at the

breakfast table with the morning paper spread out in front of him and eats his orange, his two three-minute eggs, his toast, and drinks his regulation two cups of coffee. Some day, boy! If Bill isn't off his game, it ought to be a cinch for Bill and him to give George and Frank the trimming of their young lives. Just rotten luck for them that George and Frank got all the money last time. Oh, well, when things break wrong for you in golf they certainly break wrong all over. This is another day. Some day, boy; you said it!

"I guess the shop'll take care of that order from Grump, Grump & Grump all right. Hard babies to please, that outfit. Wonder whether I ought to phone the shop. Naw, the dickens with it! That's what they're there for—to take care of orders."

With which he rises from the table, tells the youngsters they may go to the movies in the afternoon, kisses the wife good-by, hops into his sedan and speeds over to the golf club, where he and Bill and George and Frank array themselves in regulation war paint. At the first tee their side wins the toss and Bill tells Jack to take the honor going out. Jack tees the ball, gives the driver a few preliminary waggles, and then to show his comrades that this time at least he isn't overcome by the customary stage fright of the first tee, he says something in an easy-going, care-free sort of

tone—you know, just as though the subject of his comment were infinitely more important to him than any question of what is going to happen when he swings his club at the ball.

"Some day, fellows!" observes Jack; and the fellows echo, "Some day is right."

Oh, how plain it is that happiness fills the soul of Jack in his resolution against becoming a dull boy! How amiable he is toward all the world!

Back swoops Jack's driver, reaches its northern apex and then moves downward in the southern trajectory. At this tense moment, which we can classify as among the most tense known to mankind, Jack catches a glimpse out of the corner of his eye of a freckle-face caddie cramming his mouth full of the morning ration of chocolate-covered molasses taffy. The caddie's movement is but a momentary interruption of the complete suspension of activity on the part of man, beast and Nature which is exacted of man, beast and Nature in the vicinity of a golfer making a shot, but it is quite enough to ruin the coördination of Jack's brain, eye and muscle. And Jack dubs the drive ignominiously.

All would be well and good with Jack if he could still feel the enchantment of this rare June weather and repeat to his friends the observation of a moment before—"Some day, fellows!" Or it might even help if the earth would conveniently

open up at this crisis and swallow the freckle-faced caddie and his chocolate-covered molasses candy. But there are just two points wrong with that hypothesis. The glorious sun has become obscured by a foreboding cloud; and the freckle-faced caddie fails to vanish, though perhaps the molasses taffy has fled before the white heat of Jack's wrath—a heat of such intensity that it would not only melt the chocolate covering from the confection, but even remove the freckles from the caddie's face.

Hell hath no fury like a golfer's scorn. Jack's scintillating, fervid analysis of the caddie's outstanding characteristics reveals in the bare space of a few seconds certain enlightening points regarding the freckle-faced youth which have escaped the observation of even his parents in a period of fifteen years. Jack's auditors never before suspected that the boy possessed all the qualities ascribed to him by Jack.

"And for the love of Pete, son," says Jack in conclusion, his vocabulary now at the point of exhaustion in supplying words adequate to describe a caddie who commits the lese majesty of moving while a golfer is in the midst of a shot, "wipe that chocolate smudge off your mouth. I'll never be able to get this off my mind as long as I can see that smear."

The unfortunate part of it is that most Jacks

do not get it off their minds by so simple an expedient as the removal of the chocolate-covered reminder of the catastrophe of the first tee. The natural sequence of events is a succession of badly executed shots. Poise has fled before the onslaught of temper. They never get along well together.

In no other sport is the player thrown so completely out of his stride by such trifling circumstances as a spectator moving when he is about to make his shot. The student of golf concentration is less prone to be affected, but even he is not immune. It is a little difficult to understand exactly why golfers should be so susceptible to nervousness. The explanation has been advanced that it is due to the fact that the ball is stationary in golf and that the player has all the time in the world to meditate upon the prospective shot and work himself into an upset mental condition at the thought of missing. Those who hold to this theory contrast this distinctive phase of the game with baseball, tennis and the other outdoor sports played with a ball, in which the sphere is in motion at the time of impact and the player is allowed no time for disturbing meditation. But if that is the correct explanation, then how can we account for the fact that billiardists play on serenely amid a babel of noises and a constant eddy of moving objects? Their case is an exact parallel. The

ball lies motionless on the table, they have all the time they wish to lose poise, and delicacy of stroke is required.

I have often wondered whether the sensitiveness of the golfer to his surroundings is not traceable to the fact that back in the beginning there were some excessively fidgety persons who required that everything within sight or hearing come to a standstill while they swung their clubs. Contrast the difference between the links decorum of the chap unfamiliar with the customs of the golf course with those who are supersensitive to them. Until his shocked and horrified friends stop him, the stranger will chatter away merrily and move around blithely on the tee and putting green, wholly unaware that he is committing an unpardonable breach of golf etiquette. The initiated golfer stands rigid and speechless while another player is making his shot.

Now it isn't long before the newcomer has grown gray in his understanding of the amenities of the course. He, too, has become gripped by the contagion of nerves. He appreciates it all now; why silence of the voice is so golden and stillness of the body so essential. A few weeks back it wouldn't have bothered him if he himself had driven to the tune of a dynamite blast or putted to the clatter of a boiler factory. But it's all so different since he joined the brotherhood

and learned to speak the language—the only known language that has silence as its chief virtue.

I'd like to make an experiment. I'd like to find out whether this fetish of silence on the golf links isn't something more in the nature of a psychological twist we pass along from one to the other than a natural condition experienced by every player. My idea would be to take the rawest of products, a chap who has merely heard it rumored that there is such a game as golf, segregate him entirely from those who might infect him with the germ of silence and start him off playing while a battery of heavy artillery engaged in target practice near by. Then I should have a German street band accompany us on our daily rounds of the course and several horseshoers stationed on each tee hammering away at their anvils. At each putting green I should have a group of boys setting off firecrackers and several circus clowns turning handsprings as he made his putts.

I have a notion that commotion would become such an essential element in this player's mental attitude toward the game that it would be difficult for him to make a shot without the familiar din. I believe he would be the exact opposite of every other golfer in the world; a creature of habit the same as the rest, but a slave to a different kind of habit.

At the famous Hoylake course in England a player with a handicap of six made a freak wager with a scratch man in a test of the effect of noise on golf nerves. He bet he would beat the scratch man on even terms if allowed to say boo at him three times on the round while he was making his shots. The scratch man saw this only as an impediment which might interfere with not more than three strokes, and made the bet. On the thirteenth hole the handicap-six man used his first boo. It was also his last. From that point on to the final hole his adversary kept looking for the anticipated boo and was unable to concentrate on the game. The handicap-six man won with two boos to spare.

In the days when I was competing in national and international championships my friends used to say that I was an iceberg. But I wasn't. Perhaps I was not quite so susceptible to the fidgets as most golfers; but now that the old reputation for coolness has ceased to be an asset, I'll make the frank confession that time and again my nerves have been so raggedy that I thought they would never hold together. I used to admit that to my closer friends, only to have them scoff at the idea and say that I was either kidding myself or them.

"Jerry, if it's really true your nerves do get jumpy, you certainly know how to mask your feelings with that frozen face of yours," my good

friend, the late Fred Herreshoff, a great golfer, used to say.

"I guess I must have learned it from Aleck Smith. Nearly everything I know about the game I learned from him. That probably came along with the rest of it."

Age and experience, I take it, are the great sedatives for the untamed irascibility of youth on the links. Bobby Jones went after his temper when he found it didn't pay to cater to it, and the net result of this wise decision was the winning of high honors which had eluded him previous to that. My own experience was quite similar. I found out early in my career that he who loses his temper usually loses the match.

In the 1906 Amateur Championship, played on the New Jersey links of the Englewood Country Club, I had the first serious set-to with my own temper. Earlier that season I had won my first important tournament—the Metropolitan Championship, in which I defeated Eben M. Byers 3 and 1 in the final round. It was therefore as the metropolitan champion that I entered the national championship, which, curiously enough, was destined to go that year to the golfer I had defeated for the metropolitan title.

My old rival, Walter J Travis, led the field in the qualifying round with 152 strokes, against my 155, which landed me in second place. And it

was Travis I encountered in the third round of match play after I had eliminated Percy R. Pyne, 2d, in the first round 7 and 5, and Archibald Graham in the second 4 and 3. I was in great fettle at the time and playing the best golf I had ever exhibited. Before the start of the championship I had played over the hilly Englewood course many times with a view of learning all I could about its eccentricities. In two of these practice rounds I had lowered the amateur course record, first with a 74 and next with a 71.

Travis and I went at it hammer and tongs. The Old Man was in splendid shape on his own account—and what a hard man he was to steal away from when at the top of his game! A large gallery followed us. There had been much newspaper comment about the keen rivalry between Travis and myself, and with the importance of the stake an additional attraction, the crowd flocked to our match in the hope of seeing a repetition of the spectacular effects which had marked some of our previous meetings. A corps of golf writers, newspaper photographers and movie op-
erators rounded out the gallery.

Through the early stages of the match the crowd was not disappointed in the quality of friendly rivalry which characterized the progress of the battle. The spectators sensed the electricity in the atmosphere immediately. From the care and pre-

cision with which each of us played every shot, there was no doubt about it at all—the Old Man was certainly after the kid this time in deadly earnest, and the kid was on the warpath for the Old Man's scalp—all of it, of course, without rancor and in good spirit. Neither of us was giving away anything.

And then something snapped; or, to put it accurately, two things snapped. The first was a camera shutter. It snapped directly in front of me as I was making a shot. The noise it made in the deathlike stillness of the moment crashed into my eardrums with an explosive detonation. I recall it all as though it had happened an hour ago. My club was poised in the back swing, my eye fastened on the ball; and when that click literally reverberated over the course my power of concentration went a-glimmering. For one small fraction of a second I took my eye off the ball and my mind off the execution of the shot as the club swished downward. Either one of these two transgressions against golf form is ordinarily enough to seal the doom of any stroke, but the combination is complete ruin; and so the inevitable happened. I foozled the shot as thoroughly as the most confirmed duffer could have done.

The second thing that snapped was my temper. What this snap lacked in audibility it more than made up in intensity. Inwardly, I raged at the

blundering cameraman who had clicked me out of a shot at a vital period of our nip-and-tuck battle. In my heart surged a superlative hatred for every cameraman on earth. How I lamented the restraints of conventionality which would make it indecorous for me to walk up to this worm of the earth, tweak his nose, paste him in the jaw and send his devilish noise-making contrivance into eternity with a few hefty kicks which would not be fozzled through lack of concentration! I vowed then and there that no matter what else might come and go in my life, no cameraman could ever qualify as a friend of mine, even though I encountered one who was the incarnation of everything superb and wonderful in character.

When I made my next several shots it was not of the match or the Amateur Championship I was thinking, but of the slipshod methods of our social organization which made it possible for cameramen to be included in the realm of mankind. And Walter Travis, free of any such reflections on this defect in our social order, went calmly about the business of winning a hole or two. While I still searched my brain for a method by which all photographers might be removed from the earth—painlessly, if that was more humanitarian—the Old Man continued to leave this profound problem entirely to me, while he devoted

himself to making good drives, accurate approaches and straight putts—with what result you have undoubtedly guessed. The final count was Travis 3 up and 2 to play.

The golfing evils which can develop from an uncontrolled temper are so obvious they need no word of comment. It is far from being my contention that I would have beaten Walter Travis in the match I have just mentioned if it had not been for the incident of the cameraman. The point I make is that temper does not help one's game any more than does cussing. I believe it was President Taft, himself a golfer, who first referred to the effect of swearing at misfortune on the links—namely, that swearing has never been known to improve one's game. And I also believe it was Grantland Rice who voiced the comeback of the golfer to that bit of logic when he admitted that though President Taft was entirely correct in his premise, it could not be denied that golf has clearly been known to improve one's swearing.

I wave aside the temptation to moralize at this point on the mental hazards produced by an ungovernable golf temper; but in the hope that others may profit from my experience, and thus find the world a better place to live in, I am impelled to put it on record that before the dawn of another season I had resolved to fight shy of this

pitfall in the future. We all know it is no easy job to eliminate a bad habit, and for the general run of golfers it would be more of a worthy accomplishment than it was in my case. With me, it was the realization that this seemingly minor trait might some day spread out into a menace of overshadowing magnitude and topple me over at the very moment my greatest goal was within reach. Suppose a flash of temper should cost me the Amateur Championship itself! I shuddered at the thought. Better to nail my temper before it nailed me.

I ask your indulgence if I emphasize the point just a wee bit more, for it is really a very, very vital one. In this great brotherhood which has sprung up on the golf courses of the world, this army, which has expanded into a cross section of life itself, to reap through the medium of an exquisitely absorbing diversion the benefits which the God of creation has offered in His rare gift of the sun-flooded, air-swept woodland; in this fraternity so deserving of being welcomed into the strata of existence as its fifth distinct entity are untold members whose full enjoyment is marred by the one stalking spectre of the golf links—unbridled temper.

The temptation is to say to them, "Forget it; you're spoiling your own fun and ours too." But I can say to you from personal knowledge that

this will not do; they cannot be driven to forget. They can only master. And if they will pause now and think it all over step by step and make a firm resolution that the next six times the devils of anger begin to prod them they will drive these imps back to their lair, they will be so enlightened by what happens that the mastery of this habit will begin forthwith and automatically. Do you know what happens under the influence of suspended anger? This: The mind and the body throw off the shackles of a tortured soul and the faculties function normally. And the application of this result to golf is the removal of one of the most serious obstacles standing in the way of good play.

To the successful outcome of my own struggle with this problem I attribute the good fortune which marked the progress of my pursuit of golf honors the next season. I was then twenty years old and had shifted my allegiance to the Montclair Golf Club when my family took up its residence in New Jersey. But curiously enough, it was my old stamping ground, the Nassau links on Long Island, which was destined to be the scene of my first important engagement that year—the Metropolitan Championship. And it was the battle-scarred hero of the 1898 Amateur Championship, Findley S. Douglas, whom I faced in the final round. Douglas, the embodiment of old Scot-

land, with his crackling speech and rare good nature, was the same accomplished golfer I had met three years before at Nassau in a tournament which had first opened my vision to the possibility that some day I might ascend to the pinnacle which he had scaled in the golf world.

Douglas is the breath of golf. When I finished 4 up on him in the morning round, he beamed upon me with a radiance that bared the true inner workings of his mind and said, "Good boy!" And when I continued this same pace in the afternoon and eliminated him by 8 and 7, there was real warmth in the grasp of his hand and sincerity in his voice when he congratulated me on my victory.

That season I won the New Jersey State Championship on the links of the Baltusrol Golf Club by virtue of a 7 and 6 victory over Max Behr, of the home club. A curious fact seems to have associated itself with my golf experiences from that time on. With the exception of a single season, 1911, I never won the Metropolitan or Jersey championship without following it up with victory in the National Amateur. To win either or both the lesser titles seemed like a good omen for what was to come in the more important event. On the one occasion when the charm failed to work I scored in both the Metropolitan and Jersey, but failed in the National Championship when it was held at Apawamis, Rye, New York.

That was the year in which Harold H. Hilton, the Englishman, defeated Fred Herreshoff after thirty-seven holes of play in the final round, in as spectacular a contest as our premier event has ever known.

Most aspirants for national golf honors, I fancy, approach the big day in a mood similar to that of a candidate for high political office on the eve of election. The links loom up before his vision as a great polling place where the electorate will soon start casting its ballots; the gathering hosts in the hotel lobbies and about the clubs are like electioneering groups singing the praises of this or that seeker of the stake for which the field has groomed itself through a season of hard campaigning. The element of uncertainty which hovers over the throng—players and sight-seers alike—is fascinating. It is a gay frolic of hopes and fears. The psychology of competitors is an evenly balanced compound of these two ingredients. I have never yet known a player bold enough to predict his own triumph; nor have I known one in whom the possibility of winning did not run high.

The tournament of 1907 was held on the course of the Euclid Club, Cleveland, Ohio. It was the fifth time I had gone after the title. My close friends buoyed me up by stoutly maintaining the outlook was far and away more promising than

it had been in any previous year, that my victories in the New Jersey and Metropolitan championships had given me the required steadiness and confidence and that my form was better than it ever had been. I have always suspected that it was their purpose to forestall any feeling of uneasiness over the importance of the occasion by impressing upon me that I had much more than an outside chance of fighting my way to the top. That is the ideal frame of mind in which to enter a grueling battle, provided it isn't overdone. In my case it had a stimulating effect, for certainly I had not been immune to the apprehensions which always loom before those who strive for this elusive prize.

It has been my observance that the little odds and ends which round out the bigger happenings in our lives are often vital in their ultimate influence. This thought comes to mind in connection with an incident which seemed to be exceptionally trivial in its influence on my attitude toward the Euclid tournament. I am not even sure that it had the slightest bearing on the outcome of that contest; but in the light of what happened at Cleveland, as compared with what had happened on my four previous attempts to win the championship, I have sometimes felt that it really had more than passing significance.

Of the absolute sincerity of one of my good

friends in believing I was about to gain the most notable honor of my career as a golfer there was no doubt. With Fred Herreshoff it was a positive conviction that I would win, just as it had once been a conviction with Waldo Burton that Walter Travis would run down seemingly impossible putts in the British Championship. A day or so before the qualifying round Fred told me about this notion which had taken such firm root in his mind.

"And, Jerry, while it may seem like a strange thing for a rival player to do, I've made a bet that you're going to be the next national champion. A fellow was offering ten to one against your chances. I couldn't let that opportunity slip. It looked like easy money to me."

I gazed at Fred in the utmost astonishment.

"Why, you poor chump!" I managed to say. "Don't you know that there are exactly one hundred and two players in this tournament and that almost anybody is likely to win it? Ten to one? You ought to have had a good deal more than that for your money."

But Fred insisted he had made a winning bet, no matter how I felt about it. Now the curious part of it is that Fred was not so eager to profit financially as he was to register his protest against the judgment of the man who had offered these odds against my chances of winning. They had

had a friendly but rather heated discussion about the relative chances of the various players, and he had been irked that I, his friend, could be regarded so lightly as the odds of ten to one seemed to indicate.

"I don't care what your method of reasoning is, you made a ridiculous bet," I assured him.

But after we had separated I couldn't get it out of my head that he had certainly been mighty sincere about it all. So after I had mulled it over for a short time I marched straight to the man with whom Herreshoff had made his wager.

"What are the odds against me in the championship?" I inquired.

"Ten to one."

"Well, I'd like to take a little flyer on myself," I told him, placing a small bet. And then I promptly assured myself that I was just as big a chump as Fred was.

The point I wish to make about this incident is that I believe it probably had the effect of giving me a bit more confidence when I started off in the Euclid tournament. In any event, I qualified nicely with 153 for the thirty-six holes of medal play, seven strokes more than Travis, the medalist, required; and nine less than Eben M. Byers, the champion, took. But if this part of the journey proved fairly easy, it was no indication of what was to follow. At the outset of match play I be-

gan running into snags. W. A. Stickney, of St. Louis, took me on a merry chase over the Euclid course, and it was only by dint of the hardest kind of play that I pulled through by 3 up and 1 to play.

It was Fred Herreshoff himself whom I encountered in the second round. As we started out on our journey, poor old Fred, one of the squardest chaps I have ever known in my life, sidled up alongside of me and began speaking in such a serious tone I scarcely recognized it as the voice of my side partner.

"Look here, Jerry, old sport," he was saying, "I told you I thought you had a great chance to win this tournament. And I made a bet on you to win—at odds of ten to one. But I want you to get something straight in your head, and that is this—I'm going to do my damndest to put you out of this championship right now. I don't want to rattle you by saying that, but it goes."

It was a man of great wealth with whom we had made our wagers on my winning, but not for all the money this man had would Fred Herreshoff have given me the slightest quarter in our match. There were two reasons why he wouldn't. The first was that this descendant of a fine old American family was too honorable even to consider anything so petty. The second was that transcending any material thought with him was the ambition to win the Amateur Championship. Twice

in his life he came as close to it as a player can come without actually winning. As a kid of sixteen he was runner-up to H. Chandler Egan in 1904, and seven years later he fought his great battle with Harold Hilton at Apawamis.

Herreshoff was one of those golfers for whom the fates seemed to have set aside a special place. He was always a thorn in the side of the best of his time, always hovering around the top division and always a threat in any championship he entered. But it must have been ordained that he was not to win many of the chief laurels the game offers. The Metropolitan Championship fell to him in 1910, when he put me out of the running by 4 and 3, and this was the most important title that ever came his way. In the National Amateur he had the faculty of being nosed out. It was so in the tournament I am now mentioning. I defeated him 3 up and 2 to play after a battle in which he had made good his promise to fight me every inch of the way.

In the third round I had even a closer shave. Here my opponent was Warren K. Wood, of the Homewood Country Club, Flossmor, Illinois, and it was not until my final putt that the contest was decided in my favor by 1 up. By this time I was beginning to feel some of the optimism Herreshoff and other friends had been displaying for more than a week. Only two players now stood be-

tween me and the championship—Byers, the champion, in my own half of the draw; and the winner of the match between Archibald Graham, of the North Jersey Country Club, and W. C. Fownes, Jr., of the Oakmont Country Club, Pennsylvania, in the other division. And when I eliminated Byers 6 and 5, encountering him at a moment when I was at the top of my game and he not at his best, I entered the final of the Amateur Championship for the first time. My opponent was Graham.

With both finalists hailing from the same state, it was in every sense of the word an all-Jersey finish marking this fight for the country's chief golfing crown on a Mid-Western battleground. Archibald Graham, one of the leading golfers of the day and a tartar in the steadiness of his game, had preceded me as the state champion of New Jersey. I recognized in him a foeman worthy of the most highly tempered steel. If it had been decreed that victory was to swing my way, I knew that my hope for success lay in my ability to take him at his own game and to match the consistency of his play with the same quality of golf, and never to ignore opportunity any time I detected its welcome knock at the door.

Our very first shots seemed to be prophetic of how sturdy this struggle was to be. They were both fine drives of about 260 yards, and their length and accuracy drew a murmur of approval

from the large gallery which strung itself out over the course. As we started from the tee on the long journey confronting us, I made a hurried analysis of my own nerves in search of any evidence of stage fright, and when I found that they were behaving even better than they had been in some of the earlier matches I was surprised and elated. Often I had drawn a mental picture of what my nervous condition might be in these circumstances. The spectacle had never been reassuring.

We halved the first two holes, but Graham won the third with a 3 to my 4, after I had reached the green, 205 yards away, with a cleek from the tee, only to overrun my approach putt by seven or eight feet. The fourth and fifth were mine, the sixth Graham's, and we set sail for the seventh all even. The distance of that hole was 462 yards. Both of us got home on our second shots, but Graham made a poor approach putt and took a 5 for the hole against my 4. We halved the short eighth in 3, so that I was 1 up going to the ninth.

Here one of those freakish things which make golf such a distinctive game put in an appearance. Graham topped his second shot, but recovered splendidly on the next two and his ball lay only two feet away from the pin for a half in 5. But the man who had fought his way through a field of the foremost players of the country missed that

puny putt as ingloriously as the veriest duffer might have done. It is almost inconceivable that this should have happened. But that is golf. It had happened before then, has since, and will continue happening to the end of time. I made the turn 2 up on my opponent.

I shall not burden you with a full description of the progress of that match. Let it suffice to say that the unrelenting Graham squared it at the twelfth and that it was only by reason of two sliced shots to the woods, which he made on the seventeenth and eighteenth, that I was able to finish the morning round with a lead of two holes. In the afternoon round I managed to strike such a fast pace that at the twelfth hole I found myself 5 up with only 6 to go. If I could win one of those remaining holes or halve two of them, it meant that I had won the National Championship.

Here I stood on the brink of an ambition which had been gathering force almost from the first day I had swung my brother's mid-iron on my home-made course at our Oyster Bay home. Let me tell you the realization was appalling. For the first time since the tournament had started I felt my nerves undergoing a complete collapse. Not even when Graham hooked his brassie and I found myself on the thirteenth green with the advantage of a stroke did I regain my composure. Graham had

made his fourth shot, my ball lay four feet away from the cup in 3. If I ran it down I would win the hole, the match and the championship.

"If I sink that ball it's going to be the longest putt I ever made in my life," I remarked to Graham, who had a perfect understanding of how a fellow might feel in such circumstances.

"Forget it," my opponent replied. "You couldn't miss that putt with your eyes closed."

There must have been close on to 3000 persons following the match, of whom more than 1000 were gathered around the green with their eyes riveted upon me as I stepped up to the ball. And I'll wager that out of all that number there was only one who doubted that the ball would ever find its way into the cup in a single stroke. That was the player making the shot.

When it rolled straight for the hole and clucked in for the winning 4, I was too astonished to understand how it had happened. I was still more interested in trying to fathom the mystery than I was in the fact that I had won the Amateur Championship, when Graham's cheery voice brought me back to earth.

"Congratulations—and, say, what did I tell you about that putt?"

From the standpoint of spectacular effects, my most interesting golf match was in the thirty-six-hole final round of the Metropolitan Champion-

ship of 1908. I had won that title for two years consecutively and was national champion at the time by virtue of my Euclid victory. The tournament was held on the difficult Baltusrol links, my opponent in the final was Charles H. Seely, of the Wee Burn Club, Noroton, Connecticut, and I was a strong favorite to carry off the honor for the third successive season.

Charlie Seely was quite a character in golf circles—a big, happy-go-lucky type of chap who thought it was detrimental to one's health to take life too seriously. He was a natural and accomplished golfer, whose ability was undoubtedly enhanced by the fact that he apparently got more joy out of playing the game and its congenial associations than from any honors it might bring. He reveled in the atmosphere of the golf links, not alone because he was fond of the game but more particularly because it furnished him the medium for the companionship he craved. In the spring, summer and autumn you could always depend upon finding Charlie Seely where golf was; in the winter you would look for him where golfers were.

On the morning we met in the Metropolitan final Charlie was in poor physical shape. In his personal appearance and in the uncertainty of his game he reflected this condition. The morning round ended with me 6 up and going stronger than

ever, while Charlie was completely fagged and on the verge of a collapse. It was really deplorable to see this normally robust chap making such a sorrowful showing.

"Take my tip, Charlie, and rest up before we start out this afternoon," I urged him, as we walked toward the clubhouse after finishing the first round.

"I'm going to, Jerry; my nerves are in rotten shape. I want to get something to settle them."

The result of this decision was electrifying. When Charlie Seely stepped out on the course a couple of hours later he had undergone an astounding transformation. The nerves which had been so ragged earlier in the day were now calm and steady. There was decisiveness in the way he swung his clubs, accuracy to his shots and a crispness to his style of play which reminded everyone of the Charlie Seely we knew in his best golfing form. Even the haggard look had disappeared from his countenance.

And yet there was something about his manner that was mystifying. In some way or other he suggested to me a man who might be performing a delicate piece of work with technical precision, but utterly free of the strain which such a task should impose. It seemed to me as though he had performed the miracle of dulling his senses and at the same time intensifying the machinelike action of his muscles. I felt as though the match had

suddenly resolved itself into a contest between myself and a golf machine.

This impression became stronger after we had gone a few holes and Seely kept asking me how many strokes he had taken for each. After making a perfect pitch to the green or running a long putt down, he would casually ask on the way to the next tee, "Who won that, Jerry?" Ordinarily I would have to tell him that he had won it, for he was beginning to cut my morning lead down at an alarming rate. He was giving one of the most remarkable exhibitions of golf I have ever seen.

On the ninth hole of the afternoon round Charlie's tee shot was considerably off the line and headed towards the woods. There it apparently struck against a tree branch and bounded back toward the course, landing high up on the side of a steep bank which surrounded the green. It left him with an exceptionally difficult shot to get close to the hole.

"If he ever lays that one dead he'll be doing mighty well," I remarked to Fred Herreshoff, who was acting as my caddie.

Seely went about the task with the same calm precision he had displayed from the outset of the round. He surveyed the roll of the ground carefully, gave the ball a delicate tap and did something much better than placing the ball within sure striking distance of the hole. He placed it in

the hole itself, for as fancy a 2 as the most ambitious golfer could ask.

In spite of this inspired display of golfing form on the part of my adversary, I came to the thirty-fifth tee 1 up and 2 to go. My morning lead of 6 had withered away gradually under the force of his deadly playing, but I still held the position of advantage and needed only one win or two halves to clinch the match.

The ground was soft and soggy from a heavy rain which had fallen on the two preceding days. On my approach to the thirty-fifth green the ball embedded itself in the turf about fifteen feet from the pin. We could just barely see the top of it when we reached the green. It had dug its own grave in thoroughgoing fashion.

Under the rules of play then in force a player was not permitted to lift his ball on the putting green or to remove earth from it, as he now is. No matter how unplayable the lie might be or how much mud clung to the ball, he was required to regard the situation as a rub of the green and to work out his own salvation as best he could. And I shall confess quite frankly that I was not overly pleased that this unfortunate break of the game had bobbed up at a moment when I was fighting to repel an opponent who was playing with the skill of one possessed. It took only an instant for me to decide upon a course of action, the decision



THE ELEVENTH HOLE, BALTUSROL



GALLERY FOLLOWING A TRAVERS MATCH

no doubt being hastened by a flash of chagrin that I had been the victim of this scurvy trick of circumstance.

"Let me have the niblick, Fred," I directed Herreshoff.

He looked at me in a bewildered way.

"The niblick? The niblick? Why, Jerry, you'll tear the green to pieces!" he exclaimed.

"It's not my green, and I didn't make it soggy. Give me the niblick." My voice was low but petulant.

The humor of the situation dawned on Fred. To extricate myself from this trouble I was going to commit golf sacrilege—I was going to sink the keen edge of the niblick into the sacred turf of the putting green and scoop up a section of it right in the presence of the Baltusrol officials themselves. That was too much for Fred Herreshoff's golf risibilities. He was grinning all over as he pulled the niblick from the bag and gave it a few extra flourishes so that everybody in the gallery might see the club I was about to use. The effect was what he had anticipated. From the gallery rose a chorus of exclamations resembling the protesting voice of a theater audience when the villain in the melodrama is about to slip over a low one on the hero.

A spirit of devilish glee caused me to exercise extreme deliberation in tantalizing the crowd, and

in torturing the club officials who stood there powerless to intervene in the impending defilement of their carefully nurtured, tenderly pampered putting green. I spread out the agony as long as I could, affecting to make a minute study of just how far I would have to cut into the soil to loosen my entombed ball from its muddy dilemma. Then I took my stance, moved the club head upward in a sweeping back swing and swooped it down again.

The thud of the blade penetrating the rain-soaked turf was simultaneous with the gasp from the spectators. The point of contact was an inch or so back of my ball. Up came a clod of turf the size of a saucer, as clean a divot as I have ever seen and the largest I have ever known to be dished from a putting green. And with this jumble of grass and top soil came the ball, a sorry-looking sight in its miry coat which made it more than twice its normal size. Under the impact of the blow it had moved a foot or so nearer the pin, where it lay with just a bare speck of white peering through its swollen, mump-like exterior.

The tension of the crowd broke. From the circle of humanity fringing the green came a roar of hearty laughter at my effrontery in openly perpetrating so shocking a sin. I took it to mean that the villain, though triumphant, had been forgiven. And furthermore the melodrama had really been

turned into a farce-comedy by reason of the ludicrous appearance of that ball and the new difficulties which confronted me.

"What club now, Jerry?" asked Fred, with a wicked twinkle in his eye.

I did not deign to notice the flippancy of that question, but went methodically about the job of studying this unusual putting situation. In truth, my own tension had given way and I was no longer irritated over what had happened, but if it was possible to salvage anything out of the wreckage I wanted to do it. After all, we were playing for one of the leading championships of the country, and this was a ticklish stage of the struggle. But Fred was irrepressible.

"I really think, Jerry, you ought to make that shot with a shovel," he reflected; adding as an afterthought, "Or will a spade mashie do just as well?"

The club I actually used was a mid-iron, lofting the ball slightly in the hope that some of the mud would be shaken off when it struck the green again. That shot is one of the oddest I have ever been called upon to make in a championship match. In the long hours I had spent at practice I had been under the impression that I had anticipated every possible kind of shot. But here was one new to me—putting a ball incased in a thick layer of mud some twelve or fourteen feet. There was no prece-

dent for gauging the force of the stroke and certainly none for telling what direction a lop-sided ball is going to take. It was as bad as trying to putt an egg.

I did manage, however, to get it close to the hole and sink it, mud and all, on the next shot. But I had used three strokes on the green against Seely's two and this gave him the hole and squared the match. There was now not the slightest trace of the tremendous edge I had held over him at the completion of the morning round. He had destroyed my early advantage under an avalanche of dazzling shots from the tee, through the fairway and on the putting green.

The weird things happening in this match never ceased. On the thirty-sixth hole I hooked my shot so sharply that when I got up to where it had fallen I found myself almost hopelessly stymied by some trees about 165 yards from the green. I had this alternative: I could chip out to the fairway and then try for the green on my third stroke or I could attempt the freak play of standing with my back almost to the green and striving to give sufficient pull to the ball so that it would curve around the obstacles. In other words, now that I had hooked myself into this predicament, did I want to try to hook myself out of it? Seely's ball lay squarely in the center of the fairway and the chances were that he would reach home on his sec-

ond for a sure 4. A chip-out looked like sure defeat, so I decided on the other course.

Using a mashie and standing in such a position that the green was entirely obscured from my vision, I made the shot. I barely saw the ball as it flew away from the face of the club and skimmed past the fringe of trees. And I hadn't the slightest idea what had happened to it until I heard a great shout go up from the gallery. The ball had taken the curving route I had planned for it and now lay nicely on the green for a possible 3 and an almost certain 4. Seely planted his shot not far away from mine and we both dropped into the cup on our second putt.

We now set forth on our journey of extra holes, where this long-drawn battle would go to the player who won the first of these. On the thirty-seventh tee the mechanical precision of Seely's shot-making wavered momentarily and he topped his drive so badly that the ball rolled out not more than forty or fifty yards. My shot was long and low, good for at least 200 yards more than the distance covered by my opponent's ball. Though this is a long hole and a player has the opportunity to recover from a badly played shot, my advantage seemed too great to permit Charlie to overtake me. But, as I have said before, there is a destiny which follows golf shots. When we got up to my ball we found it buried deep in the soft ground. I was

compelled to use a niblick to release it, and that extra shot squared the advantage I had gained from the tee. We halved the hole in 6.

The end came on the second extra hole. Both of us lay on the green on our second, Seely's ball about thirty-five feet from the pin, and mine closer. It seemed to me that my adversary had barely taken time to measure the distance and gauge the undulation of the green before he swung the putter and his ball was spinning on its way. It was a great shot. It took the roll beautifully and sped straight for the cup as though drawn there by magnetic control. And through the medium of this birdie 3, coming as a climax to a round which had been nerve-racking through the final stages, Charlie Seely won the match and the Metropolitan Championship. It was a well-earned victory for him, a splendid exhibition of fighting spirit in the face of a task which had appeared all but insurmountable at the time we started our afternoon round.

The chain of unusual incidents characterizing this match did not end for Fred Herreshoff and me when Seely dropped that thirty-five-footer for a sensational win. When we reached the clubhouse the steward handed Fred an envelope, with the remark that it had been left there for him by William Carnegie, a friend of ours. Fred tore it open and found a \$100 bill enclosed—nothing else.

"When did Mr. Carnegie leave this?" asked Fred.

"After the morning round," the steward informed him.

"Did he leave any message with it—did he say anything?"

"Yes, sir; he told me he had lost a bet to you and that he wanted to leave the money. I think he said something about Mr. Travers being 6 up after the morning round and that he thought the match was all over.

Fred had been decidedly crestfallen on our way back to the clubhouse. Now he was jubilant.

"Can you beat that, Jerry?" he exclaimed. "You lose the championship and I lose a bet. But when I get here I find that I haven't lost it at all, but won it. That's what I call a rare piece of luck."

The bet had been made the night before as the outcome of a discussion between Herreshoff and Carnegie on what the relative chances of Seely and myself were. Fred, with his usual implicit faith in my ability as a match player, had declared that Charlie had not more than one chance in five of winning. Whereupon Billy Carnegie offered to bet him \$100 against Fred's \$400 that I would lose, and the wager was recorded.

Billy himself was a well-known character about the golf courses. A nephew of Andrew Carnegie

and a man of independent means, he was usually to be found in the throng of regulars who flocked to the more important tournaments. His devotion to the game seemed to find a particular outlet in the pleasure he gained from watching the principal matches and joining in the endless comment which always precedes and follows them.

"The joke's on Billy Carnegie," announced Fred. "If he'd rather lose a bet than win it, that's distinctly up to him. Come on, Jerry, we're going to New York and spend Billy's money."

That evening we bought seats at Hammerstein's old vaudeville theater at Forty-second Street and Seventh Avenue. We had scarcely taken our seats before I felt a violent nudge in the ribs and heard a heavy stage whisper from Fred.

"Good Lord, look who's sitting in front of us!"

I looked. It was Billy Carnegie. Fred leaned over and spoke to him.

"You poor boob, haven't you sense enough to know when you've won a bet?"

"Oh, hello there, Fred!" exclaimed Billy. "How in the name of heaven did Jerry ever manage to lose that match?"

"That's not the point," Fred retorted. "The point of the whole thing is, how in the name of heaven did you ever manage to lose your bet?"

Billy grinned. He knew the \$500 would be forthcoming when Fred saw fit to carry the jest no farther.

IV.

YOUR TRUE SELF REVEALED



OLF offers a rather curious parallel to life itself. In our rounds of the links we encounter nearly all the little odds and ends of human emotion we find in our round of existence. We have codified the principles which tend to make our time on earth brighter and more fruitful—hard work, self-restraint, patience, courage, determination, perseverance and the three graces, faith, hope and charity. They are the same in golf. From the first tee to the final green they are ever present. At least one of them hovers over every shot. Upon the extent of their application depends the amount of sunshine or shadow which flits across our paths on the golf course, the same as depends the measure of joy or gloom we find in living.

Breadth of character is readily measured under the microscope of golf influence. The good and bad qualities in our make-up are exposed to view under the spell which golf casts over man, causing him to act by the rule of impulse instead of the dictates of training. A golfer at play is the most

preoccupied person on earth. He is so engrossed in one thing or another, in the execution of a difficult shot, in the exultant joy of a round well played or in the perverseness of fate in handling him so roughly, that he forgets to preserve the official mask and even forgets that he has forgotten to preserve it.

In Wall Street was a financier famous for his austerity. A man of iron, his colleagues called him; a martinet, said the underofficials of the organizations over which he ruled, while the rank and file of workers contented themselves with tabbing him as a mean old devil. Before the underlings he never cracked a smile, told a joke or showed the slightest emotion. His dignity was so profound it was poetic. He was never known to have glanced in the direction of clerks in his employ. He didn't even know they were there.

One day it chanced that this financier played a round of golf over his favorite links as a member of a foursome, his companions being two old cronies and a son of one of these. The financier was the worst player of the four, the young man the best, and to make the match even they paired against the two others.

It was a close match, with fifty cents at stake on each hole. On the sixteenth green the young man ran down a nice putt, making them one up, and the financier fairly howled in glee.

"Now we've got the old steam roller working, partner!" he exclaimed, walking on thin air as they trudged toward the next tee. "Right down the alley now, partner; we'll get their shirts before we finish with them." At which stage of the shirt-getting process, please remember, this man who dabbled in millions was exactly fifty cents to the good.

His young partner did as the exuberant financier advised—played his drive down the alley long and straight. Whereupon the financier stepped up to his own ball, swung at it and saw it slice neatly out of bounds. He groaned. And when the next and the next attempts to get his ball away from the tee met with a similar fate, he did an improvised dance more vigorous than the Charleston and let loose a picturesque flow of expletives such as only the fozzling golfer or the man who smashes his thumb with a hammer can voice.

At the eighteenth tee they were all square. On his second shot for the home hole the financier, still disgruntled, did one of those things which the crabbing player seldom can do. He laid his approach shot within two feet of the cup and then sank his putt for a winning 4. And thereupon he went to the other extreme of emotion. He broke out all over in a fresh rash of exuberance and was merciless in riding his two old cronies in their downfall.

"Whenever you have a little time to spare we'll be glad to show you how to play this game, won't we, partner?" he chuckled. "This is really quite a hard game to learn; it takes science and all that. But we'll be glad to give you instructions any time you ask, won't we, partner?"

A few days later the financier was back in his office, again arrayed in his impenetrable armor of dignity. A clerk, summoned to his office on an important errand, stood at his desk listening to instructions. The financier spoke in an even, severe tone, without deigning to look at the automaton which was to obey his command.

"And be sure that my instructions are carried out to the letter; it is most important that no mistake be made," rasped the financier.

"Yes, sir," answered the clerk; "I'll be extremely careful not to foozle."

At the unexpected sound of that familiar word the financier was taken off his guard long enough to look up. Standing before him he beheld the young man who had been his partner in the close foursome at his favorite club.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "How did you get here?"

"I was instructed to report at your office, sir." The young man's countenance betrayed no sign of recognition.

"You mean you work here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh—oh—oh!" The ejaculations of the older man were almost a sob. Before him flashed the vision of his tee shots sliced out of bounds, of his war dance and the other undignified antics of which he had been guilty in the presence of a clerk from his own office. Horrors! His dignity would surely suffer if the other underlings knew of this.

"I hope you didn't—did you happen to mention—I was wondering whether you've spoken to anyone here in the office about our golf game?" he managed to inquire.

"No, sir; I didn't mention anything about the game." With that the young man started toward the door, hesitated and then retraced his steps. "I want to correct what I just told you," he said. "I didn't mention anything about the golf game, but I did say to a few of the boys in the office that you're a regular fellow in spite of what anybody might think—and that I knew it."

It is recorded that the financier spent a great deal of time thinking over this honest comment, and found his business life far happier when he let down some of the old reserve and became more human. I doubt whether it is displeasing to any man's vanity to feel that others regard him as a regular fellow.

Of the various human factors which make our

rounds of the golf course so strikingly similar to our round of life, none impresses itself upon the golfer more completely than does the story of perseverance. We all know what perseverance will do in the way of bringing material success; at least, we all ought to know that. The object lessons the golfer gets regarding perseverance are before him nearly every trip he makes around the links. If he takes them to heart they cannot but help him in the problems he has to face that are sterner than trying to beat Colonel Bogey.

I believe the majority of golfers do profit from these lessons; it is inconceivable that they do not linger in the player's mind and serve a useful purpose.

It is a peculiar twist of Nature that perseverance becomes irksome when we realize that it is essential to success, and that it is not necessarily so if we can close our imagination to this phase of it. In fact, it may be open to debate whether those who persevere without knowing that they are persevering do actually persevere. If that sounds a bit confused, let's put it another way. If the man who goes in for golf or tennis or baseball or some other activity primarily for diversion, and perfects his skill through keeping everlastingly at it, is the success he gains subsequently to be placed at the door of perseverance? Or should it be attributed more to profound interest? My own thought is that

perseverance is perseverance, no matter whether the inspiration is interest or determination. It is merely a blessing if our temperament is such that we are able to blind ourselves to the drudgery which usually goes with indomitable persistence and hard application.

I have seen some superb illustrations of the fruits of perseverance on the golf links. One of the most wonderful to me I have already mentioned briefly—that of Bobby Jones, the present champion, who not only ascended to the topmost rung through endless practice, but persevered in curbing a temper which might have barred his way to the crest if not checked. Early in the war Bobby and I played as partners in a foursome match in Canada for the benefit of the American Red Cross. Our opponents were two leading Canadian golfers.

On the first green Bobby missed a small putt and became so enraged that he hurled his club far over the heads of the crowd into a cluster of trees and stubble bordering the course. Bobby was quite a youngster at the time, and his irascibility was charged entirely to his youth. The Canadian gallery laughed good-naturedly at this outburst and joined in the search for the putter which had disappeared in the woods. It took us some minutes to find it, and by that time Bobby had regained his composure.

People said Bobby would get over doing things of that kind as soon as he was a little older. But he didn't. When he went to England some time later to compete in the British championship he did exactly the same thing he had done in Canada—threw a club away after failing to make a shot.

It was not a simple matter with Bobby Jones to master this trait. He overcame it through one medium only—perseverance. Friends told him that it was his single golfing fault. Yet they didn't have to tell him. He knew it. He fought the battle entirely by himself—and won. And, in passing, I rise to say that this is one of the finest examples of perseverance that have ever come to my attention. To overcome a physical fault is nothing compared with the mastery of a mental one. Patience alone will correct imperfect technique. But the other brings into action all the elements I have mentioned previously—hard work, self-restraint, courage, determination, and even the triplets, faith, hope and charity.

The persistence of the golfer is often a classic. When I see him whaling away at a ball imprisoned in its death trap it reminds me somehow of Casabianca, who "stood on the burning deck, whence all but him had fled." The bunkered golfer is the incarnation of determination. Like Casabianca, he clings to his foundering craft long after less courageous souls would have fled in de-

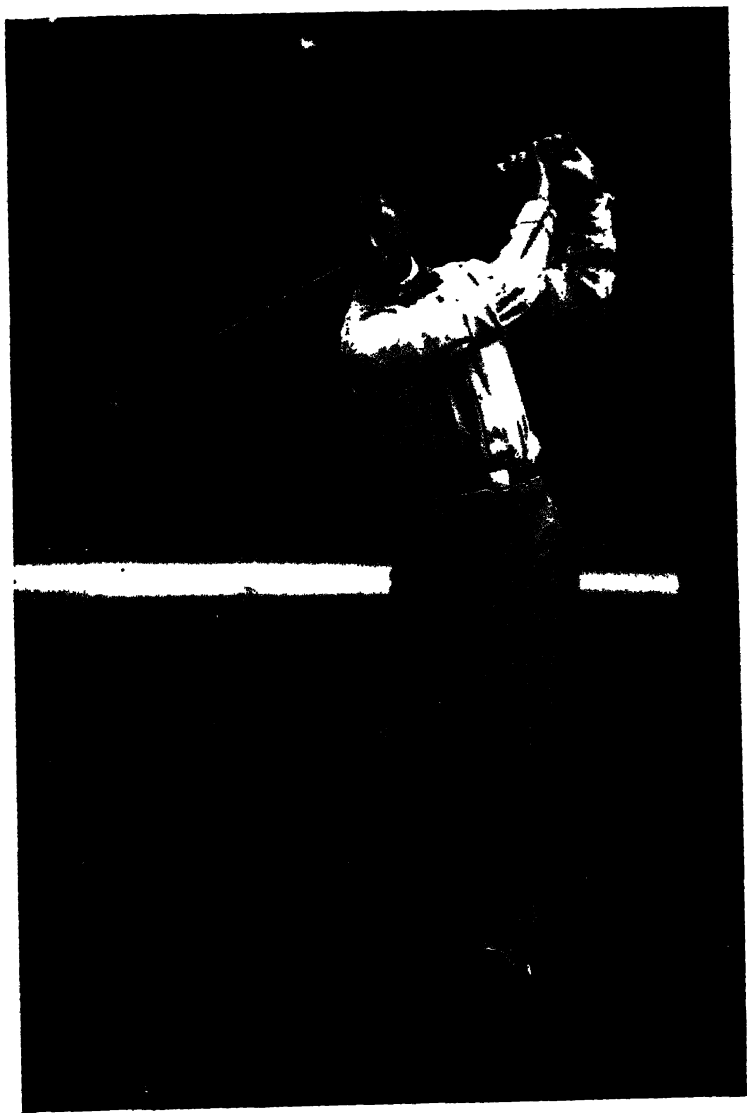


Photo by Edwin Levick, N. Y. C.

BOBBY JONES

spair. The currents of the universe move on in orderly fashion, but he stands unflinching at his post, a martyr to a duty which must be done before he will allow himself to be carried by the tide. His mind is set; he will not be conquered by an obstreperous golf ball. He may rail or sing or weep or laugh, but the one thing he will not do is admit that any golf ball has him beaten.

I offer a few shining illustrations to prove that the golfer is the embodiment of perseverance in his determination that no such insignificant and inanimate thing as a golf ball shall triumph over him. There is the case of Willie Chisholm, a native Scotchman, who joined the ranks of professionals in this country. In the Open Championship of 1919, played on the links of the Braeburn Country Club, West Newton, Massachusetts, Chisholm teed off at a 200-yard hole and found the ball resting on a rock, so wedged that the lie was all but unplayable. Yet the ball could be played, and he determined to try to remove it from its rocky lair.

Using a niblick, Chisholm swung at the ball and was rewarded by chipping a piece of the stone away, while the ball itself remained stationary. On his eighth attempt to dislodge it the ball gave the first evidence of any desire to be on its way. It fluttered ever so slightly, as though returning to consciousness from a sound sleep. On the

twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth assaults it began to get into action; on the fifteenth it moved to a better lie; on the sixteenth it left its moorings and on the eighteenth it dropped into the cup. Eighteen vital strokes on a par-three hole—a run of misfortune which could not possibly be overcome in this competition where every stroke counted. Yet Chisholm came up smiling.

“Well, one thing’s certain,” he soliloquized. “It will be many a long day before any player in the open championship beats my record for one hole.”

If a story which comes out of Pennsylvania is not entirely legendary, the prize for golfing persistence goes to a woman. In a tournament at Shawnee it happened, the story goes, that the size of the field in the qualifying round was exactly the same as the number privileged to enter match competition. Since this meant that every entrant was bound to find a place in the competition, the medal play was a qualifying round in name only and its sole utility was to decide who would win the prizes for the best scores.

From the tee of the Binnekill Water Hole the woman underplayed her drive and the ball dropped into a stream lying between her and the green. She had the alternative of accepting the stroke penalty for this misplay and driving another ball, but she waved it aside and decided to go

after the original ball, which was then floating down-stream. Her husband, who was following her around the course, went along to help. They stepped into a rowboat and headed toward the ball as it lazily drifted on its course farther and farther away from the objective point.

Leaning over the side of the rowboat, the persistent woman golfer slashed at the ball time and again with a niblick, while she and her husband kept count of the strokes, and while he ducked away from the shower of water which splashed from the stream with each swing. Meanwhile they were drifting in the current. They were nearly a mile and a half away from the tee when she at last managed to connect cleanly with the ball and send it out of the water. It was a good stroke, even better than what was required at that point. Under the impact the ball hopped over the bank of the stream and landed in a dense thicket.

Nothing that might have happened would have daunted the woman at this stage of her battle with the elusive sphere. She tracked the ball down to its hiding place in the brush, pounded it out to a clearing and proceeded to play it back to the green. She reached the end of her journey eventually and triumphantly, holing out in exactly 166 strokes, the greatest number on record for a single hole. But she had not only paved the way for qualifying, but had done something far more pleasing to her

fighting spirit. She had mastered the golf ball and not been mastered by it. The club officials thought so well of her perseverance that they awarded her a special prize.

I do not vouch for the entire truthfulness of this story, since it goes back to 1912 and may have grown in the retelling. It is true, however, something of the kind did happen. The tournament in question was won by Mrs. Caleb Fox, one of the real pioneers in the activity of women on the golf course.

If I may be pardoned for citing an experience of my own in connection with the value of keeping everlastingly at it, I wish to refer to it as demonstrating that when perseverance is combined with concentration the effect is sometimes startling. The incident I have in mind occurred in a match I was playing with Oswald Kirkby, at Baltusrol, in the final of the New Jersey State Championship. Kirkby, a member of the Englewood Country Club, was then at the crest of his form, which meant that he was one of the foremost golfers in the country. On the list of Metropolitan Championship winners you will find his name three times, while the Jersey title also has thrice befallen him.

That final round with the Englewood star, one of my good friends, was a whiz-bang affair from the outset. Neither one of us would give in an

inch. We reached the thirteenth hole in the afternoon with the score all even, as I recall it. The slightest miscue on the part of either at this stage of the journey would in all likelihood bring about a break in the game for one or the other.

To avoid trouble at the 220-yard thirteenth hole at Englewood it was necessary that the drive carry a foreboding-looking ditch lying about 160 yards from the tee. Kirkby got away one of his usual long and straight drives and sent the ball sailing to the edge of the green, nearly hole high. I had been hitting them well from the tee on my own account throughout the round, and it was with no thought of impending disaster that I stepped to my drive and swung. It was about as bad a shot as I could have made in the circumstances. I topped it just enough to send it to the downward slope of the ditch, where it rested in such a position that I had the utmost difficulty in finding a secure footing on the grass, made more slippery than usual by a steady drizzle of rain.

That particular shot finds a conspicuous place in my personal archives, not because of any special brilliance, but due rather to its peculiar nature. I fiddled around for some minutes trying to sink my feet firmly into the rain-soaked ground, but even as I brought the niblick down toward the ball in a hard swing I lost my balance and had to start leaping toward the other side of the bank to prevent

plunging headlong into the ditch. My body was actually in precipitous motion when the club head came down back of the ball, scooped it up and sent it flying over the green to an elevated patch of rough beyond. I also was in flight, so that the ball and I must have cleared the ditch at the same moment.

On my third shot the ball pitched to the green and lay about ten or twelve feet from the cup. And then the break of the game swung round in my favor. Though the rain had made putting uncertain, I succeeded in sinking the ball for a 4, which was also a half, as my opponent required two putts after his run-up from the edge of the green.

There are three specific points furnished by this episode which may well be borne in mind by every golfer. The first is no matter what happens on the golf links, no hole is lost until the final tally of strokes is taken. In this instance my own case seemed hopeless. Not one person in a thousand who saw the relative positions of Kirkby and myself after the drive, my ball in an almost unplayable lie and his just off the green, would have given me a possible look-in on that hole.

The second point is that the break of the game is not always what it appears to be, but unfailingly what it turns out to be. On every golf course of the country and every day of the playing season it

happens that the seeming advantage is a deceptive, often mischievous element. You have unquestionably seen illustrations of it innumerable times. On one side the good drive versus the dubbed one in a close match, and then a swing of the pendulum of fortune and, lo, on the other side the zipping, sizzling second shot versus the inferior one. It is, after all, the shots subsequent to the drive that count most, and the putt more than any other. A good second will offset a poor drive, and a good third may offset a poor second, but nothing has ever been devised or discovered that will offset bad putting.

The third point is the vital one, more important than the two others combined. It is this—that winning golf is built up on the stroke the player is making and not on what has gone beforehand or is likely to come at some distant period. Herein golf strays away from the precepts which men have framed as a platform for happy existence. In life itself he who lives only in the present is regarded as standing on the brink of a volcano; but in golf he who does that is headed toward a low score and victory.

The key to winning golf is the shot which is being made. Think only of it. Think of it and watch it crystallize. Think of the ball leaving the club head cleanly, of the wrists snapping with the impact and of the arms following through after-

ward. Think of the coördination of eye, brain and muscle which is so essential in the delicate timing of strokes. Wrap yourself up in the shot you are making, completely and absolutely. Think of its execution, not its importance; and above all else, forget any mishaps which may have preceded it.

Golf is productive of two distinct brands of perseverance. On the one hand is that born of wrath at the contrariness of golf balls and golf clubs; on the other the calm determination which urges the player on in the face of adversity and enables him to forget misfortune of the past and to center his mind upon the task immediately in front of him. Both reflect the fighting spirit, but how much more useful is the type having calm resolve as its foundation.

It is not always the final round of a golf championship that is the most spectacular, any more than the World's Series baseball games are the best played. Nor does the break of the game which decides the way the title is to go come necessarily in that round. I had this fact brought home to me rather vividly the second time I won the Amateur Championship when the tournament was played over the severe course of the Garden City Golf Club on Long Island. My opponent in the final was Max H. Behr, of the Morris County Golf Club, an accomplished golfer and the win-

ner the next two years of the New Jersey State Championship. But fate had ordained that I was to play my best that day and Behr to encounter many difficulties, with the result that I retained the Amateur Championship by 8 and 7.

The break of the game in that championship came really in the semifinal round, when I was opposed to my old friend and rival, Walter Travis. Our match had been one of the regulation Travis-Travers struggles, a neck-and-neck affair, which found us all even going to the seventeenth tee. There my drive lay some 240 yards from the pin. I was fairly confident the Old Man would get a 4 on this hole and that I would at least have to equal that score if I was to stay in the hunt. The prospect wasn't altogether promising, either. To the right of the fairway the line of play was bordered by a row of trees and to the left more trouble. The shot had to be long and straight, preferably with a slight hook to throw the ball toward the hole, which lay on the left side of the green.

After twelve years of golf, and with a Metropolitan and an Amateur Championship back of me to give confidence, I was able to do what the less experienced golfer would have difficulty doing. I was able to put my mind absolutely on the successful execution of that shot with the brassie. I have never made a more perfect one. The ball

flew straight to its mark, even developing a slight hook toward the end, and lay on the green for a reasonably easy 3. It was the break in a long-drawn-out battle and gave me not only the material but the psychological advantage of being 1 up when we came to the eighteenth.

It was always well for an opponent to have that margin on Travis when playing the eighteenth, a short hole, with the green lying back of a pond. That was his pet hole—and the terror of the other members, who had complained to him as chairman of the greens committee regarding the severity of its sand traps, deep cavernous pits from which extrication meant a combination of delicacy of stroke and strength of execution. Travis had always insisted the bunkers were perfectly fair.

"If you play your drive correctly you won't be in the bunkers," was the answer he used to give to those protesting against the trouble he had conceived for and incorporated in this terrifying eighteenth, since modified.

The trap which caused complaint was about six feet deep and surrounded by four walls which rose as a grim and perpendicular challenge to anybody who played to the left of the green from the tee. On this particular occasion Travis himself dropped his tee shot into this tomb of his imagination, while mine rested on the green. Travis'

shot was in just about as much trouble as a bunkered ball can be in. It had lodged in one of the corners of the four walls, with only the remotest possible chance that it could be lifted to the green on his second.

When the Old Man descended into the bunker to make his shot, the pit was so deep that it obscured him entirely from the view of anyone standing on the green. I couldn't even see the top of his head. But the sounds that rose from the trap told me he was trying to make the most of a bad bargain. I heard two thuds as his niblick dug into the sand and twice saw the shower of sand which resulted from these blows. Those two futile shots were the only ones he made in an effort to get out of his difficulty. The next thing we saw was Travis scrambling up the side of the embankment, not in the least dismayed at the trick played on him by this creature of his own rearing. He walked straight over to where I was standing, put out his hand and said with a smile, "Congratulations; you deserved to win."

We were both conscious of a hum of conversation in the gallery. The spectators were discussing the peculiar workings of destiny by which Travis had been eliminated from the country's premier tournament in consequence of his favorite bunker. One voice rose above the others with clarion distinctness.

"It looks very much to me," its owner was saying, "as though the Old Man dug his own grave that time."

Travis apparently heard it, as did everyone else. He was not ruffled. He turned toward the point from which the voice had come and laughingly nodded in assent. The humor of the situation appealed as much to him as to anyone else.

This victory in a sense was recompense for a drastic object lesson in the uncertainties of golf Travis had given to me years before on this same Garden City course. In that match, another of our long-drawn-out battles, we came to the thirty-eighth hole all even. Here I laid my tee shot on the green about eight or ten feet from the hole, and Travis his in a bunker. If the break of the game ever seemed to carry an identification card, those two tee shots certainly appeared to be so labeled. But let's see what happened. From the trap came the swish of Travis' niblick and the click of the arching ball, and the next instant I saw his ball thud gently to earth and trickle up to within a comparatively few inches of the hole—a 3 beyond doubt. With which I missed my 2, failed for a 3 and lost a match which I had counted in cold storage just a few moments before.

Victory is never so sweet as when it drops in upon you unexpectedly and puts defeat to flight.

Nor is defeat ever touched with a keener sting than when it falls from a victory-laden sky. The golfer who thinks of neither until the match has ended gets a triple meed of satisfaction from the game. He plays better. He wins more matches. His joy in the game is unburdened with rising hopes and drooping fears. And for these three reasons, if no others, I suggest to all golfers that they have faith only in the final tally.

I think the reason why golf appeals so strongly to human imagination the world over, and why it is not restricted to localities, as for example, cricket is restricted to the British and baseball to Americans, is the tremendous range of its variety in filliping virtually every emotion in the organization of our senses. It provokes us to anger, laughter, joy, peace and discontent. A perfect shot fills the eye and is a thing of beauty. The contact with the outdoors satisfies the natural craving for sunshine and fresh air, and the friendly intermingling of the links the desire for companionship. It offers endless problems. It challenges our skill and makes the accomplishment of a difficult task a pleasure instead of a drudgery. It recognizes no age limit in either direction. It is one of the few outdoor sports open to men past the meridian of life. There is no other sport which can seriously go in for father-son tournaments. And above everything else it combines

infinite amusement with wholesome diversion.

Let us glance briefly into the constant challenge golf throws out to man to master the boundless problems it embodies. I believe the time will never come when man will be able to sit back and reflect that everything has been said and done of golf. We have had many centuries of the game thus far, and the problems continue to bob up as serenely as though we were just beginning to tackle the job of probing its mysteries. The discoveries which we of today make with each round of the course are merely additions to the storehouse of lore and treasure which have been accumulating from time beyond authentic record. That golf is a bottomless pit of mystery, that its unexplored regions are as vast as the interior of the earth itself, is not a piece of intelligence which has come to us in recent years. Rather does it appear to be as old as the game itself.

A year or so ago the world of golfers was keenly interested in experiments of playing golf at night on brilliantly illuminated courses. If the novelty of that undertaking seemed to typify the bizarre qualities of the game, then what is there left to say of rounds played by moonlight or in complete darkness, and of a famous three-hole match which began at ten o'clock on a moonless night, with no light at hand save that which came from the uncertain rays of a single lantern carried by each of



JEROME TRAVERS AND MAX MARSTON

the contestants? And is it not something of a shock to us in this day of rubber-cored balls and long carries and hooks and slices to know that such a match could be played?

This match was played in 1868 on the St. Andrews course in Scotland, the contestants being two famous sportsmen, Lord Kennedy and a Mr. Cruikshank, of Langley Park. According to an account of it written years later by a man who saw it played, the contest came about in consequence of a discussion relating to two points—one whether it would be possible to play a golf match in the dark, and the other the respective skill of the two competitors. They played for £500 a hole, or a possible stake of £1500 if either happened to win all three holes. It is not recorded who won, but there was a difference of only one hole after the last putt had been sunk. But the astonishing phase of the match was not the size of the wager or the fact that it was played in the dark. It was rather the number of strokes required by each player. Both played at about the level of their regular daylight form.

Four years previous to this Tom Morris, the famous St. Andrews professional, and Charlie Hunter set out with two amateurs on a round of the Prestwick course at eleven o'clock at night and finished the round of twelve holes, the entire length of Prestwick at that time, in two and a

half hours. The full moon scheduled to appear at the starting hour had hidden itself under an overcast sky and the round was played in utter darkness. The incomplete records of that day do not set forth what scores were made by the four players, but it is significant that they lost only two balls in the pitchy blackness.

Still more remarkable was the feat of R. W. Brown at Hoylake on November 29, 1878. On a wager that he would not require more than 150 strokes to make the round, this doughty golfer started on his nocturnal journey at eleven o'clock at night, accompanied by a small gallery of doubters and believers. One of the spectators was John Ball, who was then fifteen years of age and who had competed that year in the British Open Championship, to finish in sixth place, eight strokes back of the winner. Between the years 1888 and 1912 Ball subsequently won the British Amateur Championship eight times, a record which will perhaps endure to the end of time.

Under the conditions of Brown's bet the spectators were not permitted to help him search for lost balls and he was to suffer only loss of distance for every one which went astray. This condition brought about a truly remarkable happening on the fourth fairway, which was covered with rabbit holes. Both his first and second shots from the tee, though apparently straight down the line from

the feel of them, were not to be found when he went to look for them. He then played his third drive and found it a foot short of a rabbit hole in the center of the fairway. After he had played it away from that point, several of the spectators who had remained forward informed him that the second drive had rolled into the same rabbit hole. Probing there with a club, he found not only his first ball but the second as well. In other words, on two successive shots he had holed out in the rabbit hole in one and placed his third within twelve inches of the same spot, all in the darkness of midnight. And he finished the round in 147 strokes, three less than the limit number.

In relating this golf episode of many years ago, I refrain from sponsoring its accuracy, particularly that part of it which refers to the balls in the rabbit hole. If it is legendary, then the compilers of British golf archives have proved themselves gullible, for the story of R. W. Brown's feat is to be found tucked away in the records.

There, are however, sufficient well-authenticated accounts of golf being played at night with an amazing degree of accuracy to establish the particular point I have in mind. It is not the freakish form of the game which is of paramount interest. It is instead the fact that golf is the only sport of such versatility that it can be played in the dark as well as light. Tennis, baseball,

football and all other games played with a sphere are out of the question as games to be played without light, and plenty of it. And the surprising thing about golf being played on a darkened course is the fact that the chief handicap the golfer suffers is the difficulty he experiences in finding the ball. With the skilled golfer, timing can be so perfect and concentration so highly developed that the execution of the shot may suffer only a minor impediment, if any at all. On a course with which he is thoroughly familiar he could by practice play a round at night in as low figures as the average player requires in daytime.

These deeds of the golf gladiators of other days are traditions that merge with the loreful currents of the present and form a stream that purls through the golfing universe as a constant reminder to its denizens that they stand on terrain hallowed by a species of achievement that flows in no other quarter. I think the realization comes early to those who strive seriously for high honors on the links that back of them and around them are bulwarks of accomplishment and sentiment, built up through the ages, to be revered in the common fellowship of the course and to be recognized as the true ideals determining the brotherhood of golfers. Indeed, it would be difficult to escape them if one spends much time among

golfers. Even the local clubs have their heroes of the past and present, their legends of gladiatorial marvels and their records of the strange flotsam and jetsam which have been washed up on their own battlegrounds.

Lifting the veil of fifteen years or more to analyze my own mental attitude toward the game at the impressionable age of the early twenties, I am forced to say in all frankness that to me no story of success had quite the same zip to it as the tale of laurels won on the links, that no joke was quite so funny as a golf joke, even of questionable humor, and that no tragedy was quite so tragic as the tragedy of the putt that failed to win the championship. At ten years of age, you may recall, I had promised myself, with all the optimism of ten years, that some day I was going to win a really worthwhile golf tournament. At twenty, with optimism still running high, but a little better balanced under the steadying hand of experience, I had won a worthwhile tournament—the Amateur Championship. At twenty-one, with optimism excellent, but showing the signs of wear and tear, I had duplicated this. And with that I sought a new world to conquer. I went to England to play in the British Amateur Championship.

I am not going to dwell on that ambition which welled up in me in 1909 to lift the British golf

crown. If I were a nautical man my impulse would be to say simply that it was a sad story, mates. I went to England with the fires of ambition fanned by the remembrance of what Travis had done there not many years before, a valorous deed which had brought forth the plaudits of the folks back home. Did I realize the magnitude of the job I was tackling; that the English citadel had always been impregnable except for this solitary capitulation; that the golfing hosts of Great Britain were famous for the vigor of their swarming when a foreign invasion threatened? Veracity impels me to say that I realized these things only after a fashion. It was not until the first round of play on the Muirfield links in Scotland that I gathered the full effect of their significance. I vanished from the picture then and there and returned home minus golf laurels, but plus many valuable data. The substance of this fund of information was a profound respect for Britain's standard of golf.

That season and the succeeding were slack ones for me. But the one that followed finds a prominent place in my recollections, for it not only brought about one of the most interesting periods in my golf career, but was a prelude to rarely absorbing times in golf history. It has always been my theory that the six-year period from 1911 to 1916, inclusive, was exceptionally eventful in the

development of golfing interest in the United States; indeed, the most prolific era the game has ever enjoyed in this respect. In that period were several outstanding incidents to focus nation-wide attention on golf and to drive home the telling truths regarding the breadth and character of the game. The first occurred in the waning season of 1911, when the Amateur Championship was held on the Apawamis links at Rye, New York.

It was that year Harold H. Hilton came to this country on the same old mission which causes English and American golfers to journey back and forth over the Atlantic—the hope of winning the Amateur Championship. In the amateur ranks of Great Britain I should say that Hilton stands next to the great John Ball, with whom he has fought out many interesting matches. One of the first of these was back in 1892, when Ball won his second championship and Hilton was runner-up. It was the second time in successive years Hilton had gained this honor.

The great triumvirate of British golf through the '90's was Ball, Hilton and Frederick G. Tait, who won the championship twice and in 1899 lost it on the thirty-seventh hole to John Ball in one of the most famous of all golf matches. Tait, a superb golfer, who had had a rigorous schooling in the game on the links of the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews, was famous for his sunny

disposition and tremendous fighting qualities in match play. The year after his celebrated battle with Ball at Prestwick, he was in the thick of a sterner struggle in South Africa, where he served as an officer of the Black Watch in the Boer War. And he fell while leading a company of the regiment in a sortie at Koodoosberg Drift in December, 1900, the same fighting spirit of his golfing days asserting itself in the courage marking his last stand.

At the time Hilton came here in quest of the American title, he had won the Amateur Championship of his own country for the third time. His appearance here was an event heralded far and wide, for he was then famous as a member of that little group of three which had piled up such a valiant record on the British courses. And America was just then beginning to realize in a big way that the game held infinite possibilities as a diversion of the first water. The ranks were now spreading out in leaps and bounds, penetrating to the rugged West, which, like most parts of the East, had stood aloof and adamant in the earlier periods of golf's fusing with the American temperament. The little handful of golfers who tramped the courses at the dawn of the present century had grown into a solid army bivouacked at the four points of the compass. There had been something like 5000 golfers in the United

States in the years from 1900 to 1904; now in 1911 there were perhaps a hundred times that number.

Hilton, as I have said, came here as the British champion; but it was destined that his hardest battle on an American course was not to be fought out with a native player who held or had held our own title. It was not with William C. Fownes, Jr., the playing-through champion, nor Robert A. Gardner, who had succeeded me as the titleholder, nor with me that he was to engage in his thrilling and historic struggle at Apawamis, but with a player whose nearest approach to the premier prize had been that of runner-up seven years previously. It was my chum of those days, the late Fred Herreshoff, who sought to repel the British invasion in the final round and who that day passed through an experience that rarely befalls any golfer. I shall come to that memorable episode in a moment.

The deadly accuracy of Hilton's play impressed itself upon me when it chanced that we were brought together in one of the earlier rounds of the tournament at Rye. I observed that either Nature or his own strong will had fortified him with that calm impassiveness in the face of difficulty which is so essential to finished golf skill. He seemed to be entirely unaware of the presence of the gallery. He showed not the slightest sign of pleasure when the breaks came his way

or the least evidence of annoyance when they went against him. If a poorly executed shot worried him, he alone knew it. But I doubt if misfortune did worry him. On the close scrutiny of his golf characteristics to which I submitted Harold Hilton in our round of the 1911 championship, I gathered that he was so completely the master of his mind that with the click of each shot he closed it to what had gone before and thought only of the task in hand.

As his brilliant achievements in the game have long since established, Hilton is a thoroughgoing golfer, a master of technic as well as temperament. Yet he is like nearly all other famous players in the fact that there is an especial iridescent radiance to one or two departments of his game. In the use of the brassie and its dwarfed twin, the spoon, he is a genius. And in the chip to the green from varying distances of thirty to seventy yards he sets a baffling pace for his opponents. The perfection with which he executes these shots is sufficient by itself to explain why he has reached the summit of golf distinction. It means that the vital second shot, the second most important of the game, is invariably good. From the fairway Hilton has a habit of getting so close to the hole that frequently he goes down with only one putt, and seldom more than two. That is a great asset to any golfer.

Two unusual occurrences marked the afternoon round of my match with Hilton, which I began 4 down to the British champion after a rather ragged exhibition in the morning. I started the second round at a great pace and carried off the first three holes. And then the inevitable break of the game put in its appearance to swing the tide of victory back to the channel from which I had momentarily managed to divert it. On the fourth hole I had a two-foot putt for a win that would make us all even. In my two years' lay-off from championship competition I must have lost some of the long-cultivated knack of concentrating absolutely on the shot before me, no matter how easy it might seem. Whatever the explanation, I know that I ingloriously missed that important putt and followed up this atrocious slip by permitting it to nettle me—a double blunder in a single stroke. And the natural sequence which invariably marks such miscues checked in for service with maddening precision. I missed my next drive and lost confidence. Hilton made his and regained confidence—and won the match.

The other incident came when I was barely hanging on to the ropes. On a subsequent green my ball lay more than twenty feet from the cup, with a stretch of rolling downhill ground intervening to add to its difficulties. Because of the

downward slope of the green, it was a real problem to gauge the proper amount of power to put behind the stroke. If it failed to take the down grade of the various slopes it would stop far short of the cup; if tapped too strongly it would roll well beyond. These are the most tantalizing putts of the game. You have unquestionably had your share.

The thought I had in mind when I went about that shot is an excellent one for golfers to observe at such times when they need a win to keep from fading entirely out of the match. It is this—that a halved hole may serve a highly useful purpose at many stages of a match, but it certainly does no good when something better is necessary to stave off defeat. There are no two ways then about what is the proper thing to do. The only course is to do your utmost to win.

So when I tapped the ball I made sure that the force of the stroke should be enough to carry it over the full distance of twenty feet. In fact in my anxiety I overdid it. The ball sped toward the cup altogether too fast for comfort. But it was accurately played, and after a rapid trip across the green it thudded against the rear of the hole, bounced up four or five inches and dropped back in again.

Oswald Kirkby was one of the large gallery following the match. He watched the antics of the

ball with the same bewilderment experienced by other spectators, and there was an amused expression on his face which told me he was doing a lot of thinking about the luck of that shot. After the match he collared me in the locker room.

"Say, Jerry," he sang out loud enough for everybody to hear, "that was a great putt you made this afternoon—the one that jumped out of the cup and back again."

The flattery, coming on top of my defeat, was not displeasing.

"Well, it was pretty fair," I agreed in a deprecating tone, though thankful for this modicum of comfort.

"It sure was pretty fair all right," Kirby went on. "That certainly was a nice putt—so nice and swift and everything. I'll tell you something else about it. If it hadn't hit the back of the cup it would have gone out of bounds."

One by one the American aspirants for the title dropped from the tournament, but Harold Hilton kept moving steadily onward, and at last entered the final round with Fred Herreshoff as his opponent. In the morning round the British lion roared and the American eagle retreated. Hilton was playing with that unrelenting aggressiveness which had won him the highest golfing honors his own country had to offer. Fred was putting up a good game battle, but not quite up to the best

notch he was capable of, and at the completion of the morning round he seemed to be soundly licked. As I recall it, he was six down after the first eighteen holes.

"I just can't seem to get going right, Jerry," Fred told me at lunch time. "Either I do something at the wrong moment or Hilton does something at the right moment. He's a tough bird at match play."

I agreed with him without saying so. I also reflected that Hilton wasn't so bad at medal play, either, since he had won the qualifying round of this particular championship. But I kept that thought to myself also. This was no time to remind Fred Herreshoff of what an excellent player Harold Hilton was.

At the outset of the afternoon round the pendulum started to swing the other way. Fred came back to his best form with a zip and a crash. He picked up one hole and another and another. The American eagle began to scream, the British lion to slink away. And the tension of the gallery became so acute that it was next to impossible for the spectators of this sudden shifting of the sands to suppress the partisan elation which swept over them. Once or twice on the journey around the course they didn't. When Fred, now holding the honor, placed his tee shot squarely on the green of a short hole, the crowd broke out in frantic

applause. The din had not subsided when Hilton stepped to the tee to make his shot. It was nerve-racking even to this veteran of the game. He quietly appealed to the officials to check the demonstration.

They came to the thirty-fifth hole all even, Hilton's early advantage now completely obliterated. And both were fighting the most desperate golf battle of their lives, spurred on by an incentive which went beyond even the deep-rooted ambition to win the championship. Fred Herreshoff had ceased to think of personal glory; he was now battling to keep the American title from leaving its native heath. And Harold Hilton was equally determined that when he left these shores the medal emblematic of our championship was going with him. It had become a real international issue, friendly and sportsmanlike on both sides, but far more dramatic than a contest between individuals could be.

The thirty-fifth was halved, a narrow squeak for both. On the thirty-sixth the evenness of play was maintained in the same grim and thrilling manner. There again it was a close call for both. First one and then the other just failed to sink the winning putt, while the huge gallery circling the green looked on with hearts thumping and nerves jangling.

The fight between these two determined men

had become as tense and dramatic as a death struggle. It was a revelation in the quantity and quality of thrills a golf match can produce.

The thirty-seventh hole of this historic engagement on the beautiful Apawamis links takes rank, I am sure, as the most remarkable climax to a national championship on record. Herreshoff, still holding the honor, laid a superb tee shot straight down the fairway, within easy approaching distance of the elevated green. Hilton's drive held the line, but lacked the length of his opponent's. The difference gave Fred no marked advantage. The British champion was still within comfortable striking distance of the green. The only serious hazard to bother either was a high rock bordering the green to the right. A hooked ball or straight shot should avoid this trouble; a slice would perhaps mean disaster.

Hilton, being farthest from the hole, was the first to play the second shot. As soon as the ball flew away from the club head a cry arose from those who remained behind with the players and those who had already crowded around the green to watch the putting. The ball was veering off sharply to the right, propelled in that direction through bad aiming and a smart slice which developed as it lengthened out. It was heading straight for that terrifying rock which had

sounded the knell of so many ambitions. The match appeared to be at an end.

Both Herreshoff and Hilton stood motionless, watching the ball as it curved to its apparent doom and disappeared against the side of the huge boulder. The faint echo of the impact came back to them, followed by a momentary lull as everyone tried to comprehend the extent of this disaster which had suddenly appeared to shatter the British hopes. And then came a frenzied shout from the thousand or more persons surrounding the green, accompanied by a confused movement of violently waving arms and excited gesticulations. They were signaling to Herreshoff and Hilton that the Englishman's ball had bounded off the high rock and was at that moment reposing safe and sound on the green.

Let us see what this miraculous escape for Hilton meant for Herreshoff. It meant that in the course of a few seconds he had passed through the extremes of emotion. As Hilton's ball sailed away on that eventful flight it looked as though Fred's uphill struggle was at last to be crowned with success and that the championship had been made fast to its American moorings for another year. And when the commotion among the gallery surrounding the green informed him that the miracle had been performed, and that Hilton's

poor shot had been rewarded with a rare piece of luck, the pæan of victory was transformed into a threatening dirge of defeat. Poor Fred did not even know how well the shot had turned out. The ball, which by right should now be in the deepest trouble, might actually be only a foot or two from the hole, for all Herreshoff knew. The excitement of the crowd ahead seemed to indicate that it was.

It is no wonder that Fred's splendid nerve suffered a collapse under the ordeal and that he topped his second shot badly. He bravely tried to put his third close to the hole for the four which might save the day. And he bravely strove to sink the long putt which still remained after this third shot had landed nicely on the green. But it was of no use. That was Hilton's day. And Fred Herreshoff would have been the last one in the world to say that the British champion was not thoroughly deserving of the splendid battle he had fought against the best America had to offer—a single-handed battle, and therefore the harder.

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V.

GOLF SCALES ITS SUMMIT



IN the record of achievements marking the first quarter of the twentieth century—and I read recently that they far excelled any history has ever set down for a like space of time—the growth of golf in the United States must be given high rank. I mention that fact here, not with the idea of analyzing the prodigious expansion of the game in twenty-five years, but merely because it pertains indirectly to an interesting stage of development which came in the three years from 1912 to 1914 inclusive. It will suffice to say for the present that the little handful of golfers who tramped the courses at the dawn of the new century had spread out in 1912 to an army estimated at 600,000. Today the number is believed to run between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000.

The specific point I have in mind is that golf at this period was rushing on to the apex of interest. A sufficient number of American men and women had heard the call of the links by that time to make the sport a permanent fixture in the life of

the country. Golf had at last become an institution. The West had taken it up with all the enthusiasm which the West can generate when once its heart is won. Gallantly the South was answering the call. Methodically the East was rearing a huge structure on the foundation laid some twenty-five years before. Everywhere golf interest was buoyant; it required only a spark to set off a conflagration which would mean that the crest had been reached, no matter how extensive might be the future enrollment of adherents. And that spark flared up in this three-year period through the medium of a calm-visaged, stoical young man who dropped into this picture from a clear sky suddenly, dramatically, spectacularly.

Before relating the story of Francis Ouimet's epoch-making accomplishment of 1913, for it is of the Woodland golfer I speak, I feel it would be well to describe one or two interlocking events which preceded his historical feat and which laid the groundwork for the pyrotechnical effects accompanying it. This will take us back one year, to the Amateur Championship played on the links of the Chicago Golf Club, at Wheaton, Illinois. In the eighteen years the tournament had been held under the auspices of the United States Golf Association, it was the fourth time the event had been played over that excellent course and the

seventh time it had taken place in the Middle West. The Chicago Golf Club, one of the pioneer members of the association, had furnished the winner of the first championship played under the supervision of the national organization, Charles B. Macdonald, and Chicago and surrounding territory had meanwhile become a great stronghold of the sport.

Time hallows the names and deeds of men who flit across the pages of sport history. In 1912, golf had lived long enough in the West to have produced its line of heroes. Enrolled on the honor list were the names of David R. Forgan, the winner of the first Western Amateur Championship, played in 1899 at the Glenview Golf Club at Golf, Illinois; William Waller, Phelps B. Hoyt and the two famous Egans, Walter E. and H. Chandler, who had set a truly remarkable golf mark. Without regard to their play in lesser events, let me put down the record of what these two celebrated Illinois golfers accomplished in the Western Amateur and National Amateur Championships:

1899—Walter, runner-up Western.

1902—H. Chandler, winner Western.

Walter, runner-up.

1903—Walter, winner Western.

H. Chandler, runner-up.

1904—H. Chandler, winner National and Western.

1905—H. Chandler, winner National and Western.

Walter, runner-up Western.

1907—H. Chandler, winner Western.

Warren K. Wood, Mason Phelps and Albert Seckel were others who had won their spurs on the links in that section, and these players, with Robert A. Gardner, Edward P. Allis, 3d, D. E. Sawyer and J. D. Standish, Jr., among others, were the stars that shone in the Western firmament with a brilliance which cast a menacing shadow over the Eastern orbit. Then there appeared a new luminary in the constellation, and it was destined that he was to add rare luster to the stellar radiance. This was Charles Evans, Jr., of the Edgewater Golf Club, known to his friends as Chick Evans.

The name of Chick Evans had already become one to conjure with when the candidates for the 1912 Amateur Championship assembled in Chicago. He had won the Western Championship of 1909, finished second the next year to Mason Phelps and repeated his victory two years later. His fame had penetrated to the East. We knew him to be a wonderful all-around player with just one flaw in his technical skill—putting.

A master of the iron and an expert with the wood, Evans possessed the ability to reel off round after round of stroke play in figures which made the game look ridiculously easy. But at match play it was a different story. The nerves which seemed so impassive in the medal rounds, and the technical skill which was so superb, refused to function as they could. Particularly would his putter go off on a tangent. Putts which he would sink with regularity when in quest of low scores were hopelessly missed under the tension of confronting an opponent.

When the Easterners who went to Wheaton to compete in the Amateur Championship reached Chicago they found the golfing host engrossed largely with a discussion of Evans' links wizardry. Oswald Kirkby, Fred Herreshoff and I had engaged a cottage near the course to live in while the tournament was in progress. One of our early visitors was Ned Sawyer, who brought us tidings of the rare form the Edgewater star was in for that event.

"He's clicking off the low 70's every time he goes around the course," said Sawyer. "I don't think he's been over 72 in any practice round. If he can hold this pace there isn't anything to the tournament."

Warren K. Wood was equally bullish on the Evans outlook.

"It looks like a hopeless job for anybody to try o beat Chick this time," observed Wood. "He has hit an unbeatable streak. Even his putter s working right for him."

All this comment was not highly reassuring to the Eastern aspirants for the honor, but several of us had been through too many tournaments to concede victory to any single player before the matches had been played. Kirkby, an irrepressible optimist and a rare good chap to have around when a fight is brewing, could see only the brighter side of it. The night before the tournament, when we were sitting in our quarters near the Wheaton links, away from the eternal babble of prechampionship gossip, he directed a few pointed shafts of good cheer at Fred and myself.

"Say, if you believed everything you heard around Chicago, we might as well hop the Twentieth Century and beat it back to the bright lights," he soliloquized. "But nobody's going to shoot a handkerchief at me to stop my tears. You don't see me crying, do you? Where do they get that stuff, anyway? Say, is this a golf tournament or a post-mortem? If every player in this tournament had a broken arm except one, I wouldn't bet on him to win. Golf ain't that kind of a game, it ain't."

The facts I have mentioned about the growth

of golf fit in at this point. Interest was almost at its apex. The victory of Harold Hilton, the Englishman, the year previous at Apawamis had hit the front pages of hundreds of newspapers and directed to the game the attention of thousands of persons who had never paid much attention to it previously. And here was Hilton again on the job to give an international aspect to the championship. Add to this the sectional interest aroused through the performances of Evans, and the strong possibility that the title would remain in the spot where it was being competed for, and you have the explanation of why the championship carried an exceptional appeal.

The international and intersectional phase manifested itself almost from the outset. With the qualifying field nearly all accounted for, Hilton's card of 75 had the imprint of a winning score. Evans was still out on the links; but coming to the final hole, the Edgewater player needed a four to tie the Britisher's round. The eighteenth measures something more than 400 yards, a good 4. When Chick made a poor shot from the tee the gallery groaned and gave up hope. His ball lay in such a position that he could not play straight for the green, but had to aim to one side of it. His second was a good shot, though it still found him far from the hole. His third was a beautiful pitch to within twenty feet of the

cup, and his fourth went down for the tie score. Evans, playing in stroke competition, had made a superb putt at a most critical moment. And here was another illustration of that uncanny ability to frustrate his one great weakness when playing for a low score.

Evans' playing in those days had a Jekyll-Hyde twist. He seemed to possess a dual golfing character, one for medal play in which he was supreme and the other for match play in which he was unreliable. In seven starts in the Amateur Championship, up to 1914, he led the qualifying field five times, but not once in this period was he able to win the title itself. The precision of his play invariably suffered an attack of paralysis in match competition—particularly his putting. In later years he overcame this psychological handicap, as his victories in the Amateur Championships of 1916 and 1920 would indicate; but in the period of which I speak now the trouble was at its most acute stage. He was quite frank in discussing it with his fellow golfers.

"I've tried everything under the sun to improve my putting," he told me. "I don't think there's any style of putter made I haven't experimented with. I've practiced by the hour. I've changed my stance, changed my swing, the position of my hands, my grip and everything there is to change, but it won't work. It gets worse as it goes."

I suggested to him that he try changing the one thing which was undoubtedly responsible—his continual thinking and worrying about his inability to putt.

"Sure, I've tried that too. I've concentrated by the hour. I've thought of nothing else but the shot I was making. I've wished the ball into the cup. I've talked to it, jollied it, bullied it, cajoled it. But it simply refuses to go in."

Evans isn't the only great player who has suffered because of weak putting. If Harry Vardon, six times winner of the British Open Championship and one of the greatest golfers of all time, had been able to putt as well as he played the rest of the game, it would have been unnecessary to hold tournaments to determine the world's premier player. Vardon would have been it without question.

James Braid, contemporaneous with Vardon and J. H. Taylor, and who, with them, almost monopolized British honors at one time, was both a poor putter and a poor driver at the outset of his professional career. Martyrdom to practice brought about his salvation. He practiced putting incessantly. He became an excellent putter. He spent hours making tee shots, and finally he evolved into a long and accurate driver. It came to him suddenly. He told me when I played with him in England that he was never able to ex-

plain exactly how it happened that he went along for months as an inferior driver and then in a twinkling jumped cleanly over the fence. He had added thirty to fifty yards to the length of his drive.

In the 1912 Amateur Championship at Wheaton, Chick Evans started on the campaign of temperament mastery which was eventually to see him enthroned as the title holder. He went through the preliminary rounds with flying colors for the first time. I too had been playing at my best form, and the final round found us pitted against each other. The intersectional flavor to the contest was now at its crest—the East versus the West for the chief honor the game has to offer. The Western host of fanatics was jubilant. Evans had at last conquered his short-comings as a match player. His supporters were certain nothing could stop him now—nothing except a sudden recurrence of his old trouble.

We came to the final hole of the morning round with Chick 1 up. On the eighteenth green I holed a thirty-five-foot putt for a half. That one shot had a salutary effect two ways. It sent a glow of satisfaction through me that I had succeeded in making such a difficult shot at so vital a moment. It put me in fine fighting trim for the afternoon round, and I think it jarred the confident spirit in which my opponent had been per-

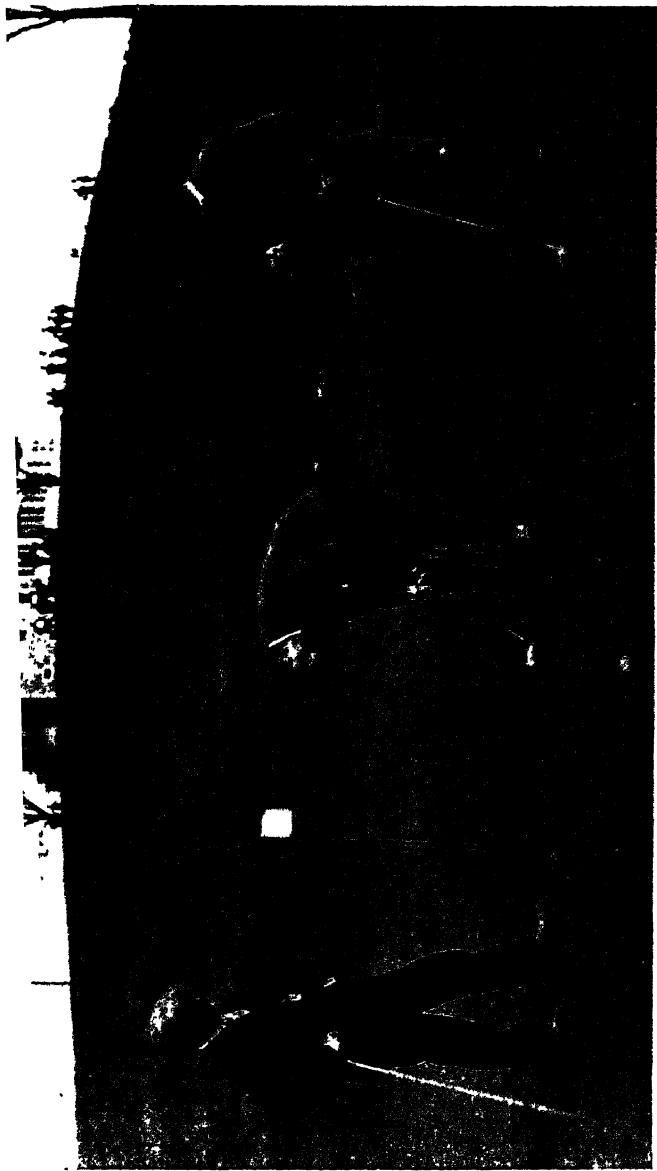


Photo by Elmendorf, from Exciting Gallowsay, N. Y. C.

HARRY VARDON PUTTING ON THE EIGHTEENTH GREEN AT THE
OAKLAND GOLF CLUB, BAYSIDE, LONG ISLAND, ABOUT 1905

forming. Before the ball traversed that long journey over the green and clucked into the cup, there had been every indication that Evans would finish the first eighteen with a margin of two holes. The advantage of that one extra hole might have been an important factor, not only in its practical application to the score but in its influence on our mental attitude toward the afternoon round.

Out of the seventy-odd strokes a contestant in the final of the Amateur Championship ordinarily requires for one round of the course, there are two or three which usually have an especial significance in a close match. That afternoon there was just one which seemed to bring about the break of the game. It was my drive from the fourth tee. The ball, badly hooked, was almost certainly on its way out of bounds, when it landed in the midst of three or four big mounds to the left of the fairway and caromed back to the center of the course. Chick's drive was down the middle, but again he seemed a trifle upset at the turn of luck in my favor. He placed his second in a bunker to the left of the green and lost the hole with a 5 to my 4.

From that point Chick wilted rapidly. The brave attempt he had made to rise superior to a troublesome prank of disposition had again failed. It is true that I had struck an exceptionally fast

pace and was tearing off hole after hole in par or less, but even this would not necessarily have turned the tables in my favor if the Western champion had not fallen back in his old heart-breaking rut of going to pieces in match competition. The contest ended after twelve holes of the afternoon round, which I managed to cover in two under 4's. The margin was 7 up and 6 to play in my favor, and I was amateur champion for the third time.

Let me repeat here that Chick Evans eventually succeeded in overcoming this inability to display his best form in match competition, and that he attained a place of eminence in the golfing world which his superb technical skill justified.

Looking back over thirty years of golf, and weighing the influence of various events in the development of the game in America, I should say emphatically that none had a more stimulating effect than the happenings of the season of 1913. The public appetite had now been whetted for a final flourish—something which would be even more diverting than the appearance of Harold Hilton on American links or the rivalry between the East and West. If this moment could be crowned with some highly colorful incident, or series of them, to fan the fire of American imagination, it was inevitable that golf should be sold to the people of this country hook, line and sinker.

I don't think we recognized this condition we see it in retrospect.

Fate stepped in to round out the program most enticing fashion. The sensations began at the start of the Amateur Championship held in a tricky and trying links of the Garden City Club on Long Island. The qualifying round found thirteen of us tied with 165 strokes each at the thirty-six holes. In the extra hole which was to be played to break this remarkable deadlock, six of us would have to drop out, since twenty players had finished with lower scores and there was room for only twelve to round out the field of thirty-six. From my own point of view, as the player who had just through champion, it was not a particularly gaging situation.

One of the thirteen held in the deadlock was Heinrich Schmidt, who had just come back to the country after a splendid showing in the 1901 Amateur Championship. His home-coming had been almost in the nature of a triumphal march. The newspapers had teemed with stories of his accomplishments abroad; both the English and American experts had been lavish in their praise of his fine form and the prediction had been made that he would ride to victory in this tournament at Garden City. Schmidt was certain of the outstanding figures among the aspirants for the honor. The gallery manifested the k

interest in him; even in the tassels which adorned the tops of his golf stockings—a sartorial innovation fresh from Europe at that time.

The thirteen tied players teed off together on the extra hole. Heinie Schmidt's tee shot soared down the alley for one of the longest drives of the lot. That was a distinct advantage, for it meant that most of his rivals would have to make their second shots before he attempted his. If any one of them dropped into the treacherous trap guarding the first green, he would simply have to play safely over it and then back to the green for a sure 5 and a possible 4. The suspense was short-lived. Before Schmidt had made his second shot, two of the other players had sent the ball flying into the trap. This seemed to simplify the task for everyone who had not yet played or who was safely over the bunker.

When it came Schmidt's turn to play we all watched him with the keenest interest. I was dumfounded when I saw him call for a mashie niblick, with the evident hope of putting the ball close up to the hole. Such a shot would have been the right one in some circumstances, but certainly not here, where safety was the only sane method. There came a swish from Heinie's club and a click as the ball flew away on a high, arching journey toward the green. But it never reached its destination. Instead, it buried itself in the trap.

along with the two others, but in an atrocious position. And by means of that shot, one of the most disastrous I have ever seen in the Amateur Championship, Heinrich Schmidt was tagged as the solitary player in this deadlocked group to make his exit from the tournament.

The semifinals brought together Chick Evans and John G. Anderson on one side of the draw and Francis Ouimet and myself on the other. Ouimet was the newcomer. No one around New York had heard much about him before he began displaying a brand of golf in this championship which stamped him as a player of the first water. As he advanced step by step through the hard struggle we picked up more information about him. We learned that he had begun playing as a mere youngster on the Woodland Golf Club links at Auburndale, Massachusetts, that he was a demon at match play and that he possessed one of the most impassive temperaments the game had ever developed in America.

"Watch your step, Jerry," an amateur friend of mine advised, as the young Massachusetts player and I prepared to start on our round. "This is a clever player you're up against this time. I've watched him play this week and, unless I'm greatly mistaken, there's nobody playing the game who can take any liberties with him."

I realized the accuracy of this prophecy after

we had played two or three holes. The youngster from the Bay State had everything, from a natural stance, a graceful swing, deft execution of iron shots, assurance with the wood and boldness on the putting green to an evenness of disposition and control of emotions which were quite astonishing in a player of such limited experience. I concurred entirely in the glowing opinion my friend had voiced. Here was a real golf prodigy. Even if I managed to eliminate him from this particular tournament, I felt the day was close at hand when the crown of champion would be resting upon his head. Just a little more technical experience and Francis Ouimet would have arrived.

The turning point of my first encounter with Ouimet was at the eighth hole of the afternoon round, when I was 1 down, after having finished the morning round 1 up. Then he placed his second, an iron shot, seven or eight feet from the cup. I realized the time had arrived for me to bring into play every ounce of resource at my command. I believe I concentrated on this shot as profoundly as I ever have on any stroke I have made in thirty years on the links, with the possible exception of a shot I was called upon to make at Baltusrol two years later. The result was gratifying. The ball flew straight for the mark and rolled two or three feet closer to the pin than where my opponent's

lay. Ouimet missed his putt for a 3 and I sank mine.

Years later Francis Ouimet and I were mulling over that match in the way that golfers do and he made a frank confession to me regarding his own emotions, which he has always so carefully concealed behind the mask of an expressionless countenance.

"Since that day we met at Garden City I've been through many a hard battle, and I've found that a single stroke made either by my opponent or by myself is likely to be the telling factor. Jerry," he mused, "that was a heartbreaker you put over on me that afternoon at Garden City on the eighth hole. I was feeling pretty good up to that moment, but when you rolled your own approach inside of mine I just said to myself, 'Oh, what the dickens is the use of trying to beat this game?' You won the match then and there."

This being an old-fashioned fanning bee, it was my turn to make a confession:

"Let me tell you now that you had me good and scared when I made that shot. Though I put everything I had into it, I was as much surprised as you to see it come to a stop a few feet away from the hole."

In the other half of the semifinals Anderson and Evans were having a merry set-to. The Wes-

terner was a strong favorite to win. Through the early stages he had again shaken off his habit of playing far below his regular form in match competition. He had finished 4 or 5 up on Anderson in the morning round and was never going better. Johnny Anderson, a persistent, steady player, was fighting him every inch of the way, but the sheer brilliance of Chick's stroking was slowly forcing him to give quarter.

But in the afternoon the tables were turned. Johnny went at his task aggressively. Step by step he broke down the commanding lead which Evans had piled up in the morning round. Under the fury of his attack the Edgewater man gave ground, to find defeat looming up before him where victory had beckoned only a little while before. And in the end Anderson won, a winner by virtue of a fighting spirit.

Anderson was at that time writing golf for a New York newspaper. He was, and still is, a keen student of the game, a capable writer before he became famous as a golfer, and under the amateur rule defining the rights of players to prepare articles on the game for publication he was permitted to profit through these talents, since his case infringed no law designed to guard against capitalization of athletic prominence. In recent years this rule has become even more ironclad. It applies to all players, those who were active in com-

petition years ago, as well as the younger generation which has come to succeed them. Under its interpretation we of the older division who feel the urge to dig up the old scores of golf and put them down in black and white must do it as a labor of love. But I find it compensation enough to rummage around in the past and enjoy the little thrills of retrospection. It's a grand old game, this thing of reminiscing.

The final round between Johnny Anderson and myself was productive of steady, even golf rather than anything spectacular. I won it on the thirty-second hole, 5 up and 4 to play, and with it my fourth Amateur Championship.

These happenings were the prelude to the dramatic climax the season of 1913 was to see. England had sent over two of her greatest golfers, Harry Vardon and Edward Ray, to follow up the campaign of Harold Hilton and to keep the pot of international interest boiling. If there is any living man who stands as a symbol of technical perfection in golf, it is Harry Vardon, the master shot maker of two generations, now approaching the fifty-sixth year of his life and still a player of inspired skill. On this mild-mannered Englishman golf seemed to have bestowed all its blessings. It was as though the game had appointed him its chosen representative to typify the physical and mental qualities essential to a complete under-

standing of the sport and vital to the solution of the problems it offers.

Harry Vardon, to my mind, comes close to being the vitalized embodiment of par, golf's highest technical standard. His has been the genius of a kind that is born in one, recognized by its possessor and carefully brought to its fulfillment through the medium of hard work, which is invariably an integral part of the crystallization of genius.

Vardon's one weakness was his inability to readjust himself completely to the changes which occur from time to time in the game. The precision of the perfect machine faltered for the first time when the rubber-cored ball supplanted the old gutty in 1902. Vardon found that he could not control it on the green, though his wizardry with the cleek and brassie remained unimpaired. Nor were his full shots to the green, the best in his bag, affected. It was only in putting. Where he had been an excellent putter with the gutty, he became a notoriously poor one at times with the rubber-cored ball. And it has remained a permanent defect of his otherwise superlative skill. I look upon this strange collapse of Vardon's putting form as one of those unfathomable mysteries which golf is famous in producing.

His poise is ideal, his ability to forget misfortune and think only of the task in hand stupendous.



Photo from Wide World Photos, N. Y. C.

HARRY VARDON,
*Playing Out of a Trap in the Professional
Tournament Held at Roehampton*

Yet hours and days and weeks and months of practice have never brought about a consistent remedy for Vardon of the putting difficulties which loomed up before him with the introduction of the new ball. The fact that he won three British Open Championships subsequent to the disappearance of the gutty was due to the amazing accuracy with which he used his other clubs. He has risen superior to the trick played upon him by the fickle goddess of fortune, who first selected him as her favorite and then imposed a severe burden.

Ted Ray, though the winner of only one British Open Championship, has hovered for years in the group standing just back of that charmed circle reserved for the big three of English golf—Vardon, J. H. Taylor and James Braid. He is an exceedingly interesting player to follow around the course, for you can usually depend upon him to make a half dozen or so spectacular shots in the journey. A typical Englishman in appearance, with his pipe always protruding from the left corner of his mouth, as though it was a permanent fixture of his countenance, Ray goes about his golf shots with the graceful ease so typical of the expert English player—a characteristic strongly noticeable too in Vardon.

In the use of the mashie niblick, Ray shone. On the occasion of his 1913 visit here he was playing at Baltusrol, when he hooked his drive di-

rectly behind a row of tall trees standing between him and the green. It seemed beyond human power for him to loft the ball over this formidable barrier, but that is exactly what he did—with a huge niblick which lifted it on an almost perpendicular flight over the topmost branches and planted it four or five feet away from the cup, from which point he dropped the putt for a birdie 3.

It is not surprising that with these two celebrated British golfers entered in the American Open Championship, held that season on the links of The Country Club, Brookline, Massachusetts, the public's interest in this event should have been keener than it ever had been. America was not fearful of what the outcome might be, but was reconciled to seeing the title carried away by either of the two visiting Britons, if it simply had to be. In the thirteen years which had elapsed from the time of Vardon's previous invasion of American links, when he came here with J. H. Taylor and won the open title, with his fellow countryman as the runner-up, the standard of our game had been raised to a much loftier level. We were not then far behind England in average play, and moving forward so rapidly that it was only a question of a year or two before we would be on a parity.

But golf here was not sufficiently advanced for us to have developed any Vardons or Taylors or Braids, though we were familiar with the accom-



Photo by Edwin Levick, N. Y. C.

EDWARD RAY

plishments of such fine players as the Smiths, J. J. McDermott, Fred McLeod, Willie Anderson, George Sargent, Tom McNamara, Gil Nicholls and the other capable professionals of that era. As excellent as these golfers were, and it is no certainty that any of the big three of English golf could have conquered them repeatedly in individual matches, there were not the hallowed traditions behind their feats which came with winning such honors as Vardon had.

Both Vardon and Ray came through as expected, tied for first place with 304 strokes. As one after another of our own players trooped in with higher scores than these, eliminated from the picture, the spirit of the group of Americans waiting expectantly at the eighteenth hole drooped badly. J. J. McDermott, the home-bred from Atlantic City, who had led Vardon by a wide margin in an earlier 72-hole meeting at Shawnee, was out of it, crushed under the sudden collapse of that department of the game which was ordinarily his best—putting. McDermott, champion for the two previous seasons, had been America's main reliance. His failure had removed the most serious threat from the path of the two Englishmen.

To this little group of watchers clustered about the final green a messenger brought the first gleam of hope. He reported that Francis Ouimet, the young and almost unknown amateur from the

Woodland Golf Club, had just a bare chance of tying the score turned in by Vardon and Ray. To accomplish it he had to break par on at least one of the four remaining holes. This was, indeed, a slim possibility. The Brookline course, always a severe test of golf, had been primed to its most trying pitch for this tournament. The turf was rain-soaked, the putting greens more treacherous than ever, and trouble lay lurking in a thousand and one places for the golfer who erred ever so slightly.

"If Ouimet succeeds in this job it will be the greatest exhibition of nerve the game has ever known," I remarked to a fellow golfer, who, like the rest of us, was tense with the excitement of the moment. I meant it. It was not a hasty opinion formed in the heat of this thrilling finish, the most nerve-racking I have ever experienced in my years of contact with golf.

Could this youngster, new to national championships and now burdened with the weight of America's sole remaining hope, stand up in the face of this terrific ordeal? He could afford to make no slips. There was no leeway now to make up for any mistakes of the head or heart. Each hole must be clicked off according to schedule, the fifteenth in 4, the sixteenth and seventeenth in 3's and the eighteenth in 4. If he went beyond these figures on any hole it meant that the play-off of the

American Open Championship that season would be fought out by two Britishers.

On the first of these remaining holes Ouimet all but eliminated himself by a poorly played approach. His ball lay well to one side of the green and his margin to drop it was exactly two strokes. Whereupon he played his third dead to the hole and sank the easy putt for the highly important 4. The hearts of his American well-wishers fluttered wildly and a shout of joy welled up to the high heavens. And when he reeled off the sixteenth in the needed 3, this pæan grew in volume and the pounding of hearts was more violent, while the countenance of the Woodland youngster remained expressionless, except for the bare flicker of a smile about the corners of his mouth.

Now Ouimet confronted his most difficult task. Only seven more strokes were left to him to tie the Englishmen, and par for the two holes was eight. Oh, for the miracle, the gallery was praying—a stroke under par at the seventeenth and a par on the eighteenth! Ouimet knew what his task was and what the crowd was thinking, a throng of 3000 or more so keyed up that it scarcely knew in which direction it was moving. He alone was unperturbed, and he was the essence of composure. I have never seen such nerve control. Every move showed that he was oblivious of all the turmoil racking the soul of every other person in

the crowd. He was not cocky, not even serene or overconfident; merely intent on the job he had to do and apparently thinking of nothing else.

His drive was straight and long from the seventeenth tee and his second found him on the green twenty feet or so from the cup. Both shots had been perfectly executed, but at that they did not seem good enough. To remain in the running he had to sink a twenty-footer, and to do so required a stroke of infinite delicacy and accuracy. This seventeenth green was a tartar, banked sharply from the rear to the forward edge and so fast that the slightest overplay would send the ball well past the cup. And the position of Ouimet's ball, as well played as his second shot had been, was just about as bad as it could be. It lay to one side of the hole and above it. The putt would have to be a curving, downhill shot, with the break timed to the barest fraction of an inch.

Of the millions of golfers there are in this world, the number who could go about making that shot as Ouimet did can be counted on the fingers of one hand. As a golfer, I was almost more interested in his attitude toward the shot than whether he made it. With what was depending upon it I could not see how he could control his nerves long enough to gauge the distance and roll accurately or to compel his mind and muscles to

function with the hair-line precision now necessary. But I looked in vain for any trace of emotion. Ouimet stepped up briskly to the ball, took his stance without a flutter, swung his club evenly and after the impact raised his head ever so slightly. He saw what everyone in that frantic mob saw—the ball move smoothly over the green to a slightly higher elevation, break at the apex of the curve, and, descending the incline in a beautiful semicircle, slip into the cup directly through the front door. It was superb.

In relating this incident, it is an anti-climax to tell of the four fine strokes which this twenty-year-old youth made on the eighteenth to bring about the three-cornered deadlock. But it was far from being anti-climactic to the frenzied gallery following in his wake that afternoon. His drive and second shot were finely executed on this difficult home hole, a hard par 4. Yet he was still short of the green and had only two strokes to spare in getting home. Here again would have been a severe tax on the nervous organism of any other player, but not on Ouimet's, for he seemed to have none. That third shot he played in the same care-free manner he had maintained throughout this ordeal, a mashie chip that left him about seven feet from the hole; not a difficult shot to make as putting goes, but a long, long one at so vital a period. And he made it as calmly and deliberately as he had

the others of those fourteen in which he had covered the last four holes.

That exhibition of stoicism by Francis Ouimet I regard as the rarest and most extraordinary in all golf history. I can still see the large gallery as the final click of the ball broke the tension which had grown with each of these fourteen shots and which now gave way to a tumult of joyous shouts. I have seen cheering sections go wild in the Yale Bowl and a racing host grow delirious as Zev threaded his way to victory in a great handicap and a baseball mob burst forth in a mighty exultant roar, but I am quite sure no fervor has ever been more genuine than the acclaim accorded Ouimet that afternoon.

Ouimet's chances in the play-off were regarded so lightly that odds of ten to one were freely quoted against him. A number of us who had conversed with him afterward, and noted how undisturbed he was, believed these quotations to be a fictitious appraisement of the relative merits of the trio and eagerly snapped them up wherever they were offered. If Ouimet could come through a test such as that from which he had just emerged, we could see no reason why he should not have a nearly even chance to lead the Britishers home in the eighteen-hole round which would decide the championship. Vardon or no Vardon, Ray or no Ray, it was certain that any golfer who could do

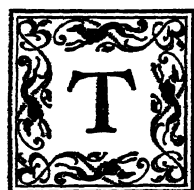
what this youngster had just done would not suffer any stage fright when he faced these eminent linksmen. And that, after all, was one of the most important factors. A round in 75 was well within the powers of Ouimet, and a 75 might win the play-off.

In the eighteen-hole competition against two of the world's best players, with the eyes of all his countrymen resting upon him and with their hopes centered in this calm-visaged youth, Francis Ouimet rose to even greater heights than he had in the earlier test of his courage. Alone and single-handed, he repulsed the attack of the British invaders with a vigor and flare which left them gasping for breath at every stage of the journey. With that marvelous precision of his play and that unwavering command of his own emotions, he swarmed over these two golfing giants as though they were mere strangers who had challenged him to a game. He not only beat each of them separately, but he beat their best ball with the scintillating card of 72 he turned in for the round, five strokes better than Vardon and six better than Ray.

And this feat of Ouimet, I maintain, stands out as the most stimulating single incident the game has ever known.

VI

ENGLISH VERSUS AMERICAN GOLF



THE urge felt by Alexander, who sought new worlds to conquer, has filtered down through the centuries to find an important groove in the universe of sports. Among other things, it is the conspicuous motif in the changing currents of ocean travel which now bring a band of pilgrims from the other side in quest of honors on American soil and again send our own athletes to foreign lands on similar errands.

The roar of battle has long since been hushed in other fields, the implements of strife laid aside, but the friendly warfare of sports is perennial. It grows each year. A quarter of a century ago it was an event when athletes made the long sea voyage in either direction for the sole purpose of pitting their prowess against the competitive skill of other countries. Such visits were confined almost entirely to professionals, whose lure was gold rather than glory. Incentive was lacking for the amateur. His imagination traversed the various steps of possible achievement up to the point of

attaining the highest honors his own land had to offer—and stopped dead short. Conquest abroad was beyond his vision. If he thought of it at all, the notion was quickly dismissed as a fantasy. There were too many obstacles. Time and expense were the chief of these.

International sport on the scale we now see it is distinctly a creation of the times. It has come about through the influence I mentioned at the outset—the desire to conquer new worlds. The desire usually reaches out beyond the individual himself and is national in scope. The interest of nations in the fortunes of their athletes afield is as profound as it is natural. Lenglen is a symbol of France; Hilton, Vardon, Taylor and Braid, of England; Nurmi, of Finland; Alonzo, of Spain; and Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen, Glenna Collett and Helen Wills, of America. The glamour surrounding the international horse races in the past few years has been based not so much on a widespread interest in the turf as the fact that Zev, Ladkin, Sarazen and Wise Counsellor have stood as representatives for this country, and Papyrus and Epinard, respectively, of England and France. The masses have only a faint knowledge of polo, yet all England and America pay rapt attention when the rival teams meet.

I believe it is inevitable in golf or tennis, the major amateur sports, that one of the first impulses

of the player who has won a national championship in either should be the urge to take a fling at the cherished laurels of the Old World. It is when he has scaled this summit, or perhaps just failed to reach it, that the golfer begins to hear the siren voice of Old World links whispering to him across the Atlantic. A siren voice, indeed. Its chant is the cobwebby song of the past—a soft melody that purrs from the mellowed ground which the heroes of his realm have glorified. It beckons him, lures him, grips him. Before his vision stalk the wraiths of genesis, the hoary warriors of a day long since gone; and they, too, like the era that saw them, gone, asleep in the very terrain now vibrating with a myriad eddies of life which became immortal at the flourish of their magic wands.

I speak of this ambition as the desire to conquer new worlds. In its application to Americans it would be better to refer to it as the ambition to conquer the Old World, for it is after all not born of the egoistic thought he has emerged triumphant from the gamut of strife his own country has to offer and that he is therefore prepared to make his sally adorned in the gaudy accouterments of a conquering hero. No, it is not this; nor is it even the belief that victory awaits him on foreign soil. Victory is merely a phase of amateur sport and not its lifeblood.

The golfer, victorious at home, is lured to other battlegrounds through the spirit of adventure, the mystery of exploration and the enchantment of competition on unfamiliar territory. It is these things I have in mind when I speak of his wish to conquer new worlds.

On my second visit to England, Fred Herreshoff accompanied me. It was the season after I had won my fourth Amateur Championship. My trip four years previous to this had been so barren of accomplishment that I had in the meantime reasoned that it was perhaps due to insufficient practice on British courses, combined with the effect of the change of climate. I made up my mind that on this occasion there would be no such handicaps, so Fred and I arrived in England two months before the date set for play to start. The championship that year was held on the Sandwich links, a severe test of golf for that period, but no more difficult than many of the courses which have since been constructed on this side of the water.

Herreshoff and I approached the day of the tournament in a perfect state of mental poise. We had made many rounds of the Sandwich course to familiarize ourselves with its eccentricities; if the climate had any deleterious effect upon us, we failed to notice it in the slightest. Our stay in England had been a prolonged round of

golf, first one course and then another, to give us the benefit of practice and to put us on a parity in this respect with the sturdy field of rivals we were about to encounter. Our English hosts had been the essence of cordiality and graciousness. Invitations had poured in upon us to make ourselves at home and to play the various courses as it suited our convenience, and special matches had been arranged with some of the noted English players that we might round out our preparations with stiff competition to bring us to a razor edge of training.

The night before the championship was to start Fred and I sat down after dinner for one of those little pretournament chats which we used to have so often in those days. In the light of the weird things which were to happen immediately afterward, the trend of that conversation has always remained deeply engraved in my mind.

"Do you know something, Jerry?" queried Fred; and when I assured him I at least didn't know the something he had in mind, he continued: "Do you know, I'm almost beginning to think that it's better for a fellow to be among strangers when he's training for a big golf championship, and to play over strange courses. I was never in finer shape in my life on the eve of an important tournament. How about you?"

"Same thing; never felt better."



Russell, The Studio, Southgate, Chichester

Left to Right—BERNARD DARWIN, the Noted English Amateur; JEROME TRAVERS; JAMES BRAID, Five Times Winner of the British Open; and the Late FRED HERRESHOFF, a High Ranking American Golfer. From a Photograph Taken in England at the Time Travers and Herreshoff Competed for Honors There

"Thought so. Say, boy, we've been clicking off some mighty good scores recently, know that? If we can keep it up for the next few days, there's no reason I can see why this British Championship shouldn't take an ocean trip—and that's not boasting, either."

I sensed the motive of good old Fred.

He was always anxious to see me brimming with confidence whenever I played for a championship, and this was his naïve way of doing his part to instill the winning spirit in his friend. It was a charming exhibition of unselfishness. Most of us at this stage of the game would have been thinking about strengthening our own courage for the ordeal of the morrow.

"I get you, Fred; get you exactly," I said, with one eye half closed in an affectation of owlish wisdom. "Thanks for the compliment; but I hope you didn't make any bets on it."

"Bets on it? Bets on what?"

"That I'm going to win the British Championship—you know darn well what I'm talking about."

"No, I didn't make any bets on anything. But that doesn't mean I wouldn't be willing to. Say, Jerry, hop to it; this is the chance of a lifetime."

The thought that Fred had been speculating on the chances of America to carry away the chief golf prize of Great Britain came to me in conse-

quence of the incessant talk of betting odds one hears in England in connection with sports that are all but devoid of the gambling element in this country. It is not the golfers themselves who think about the relative chances of players in terms of money, but the sporting side of the British public. Thousands of persons, attracted by the liberal odds quoted against the chances of any single aspirant, like to accentuate their interest in the championships by having wagers down on their favorites, even if the sum is only a few shillings.

In recent years it has become a common practice to arrange winter books on the British Open Championship, containing quotations on virtually every golfer eligible to compete, amateur and professional alike, and even the Americans who are likely to enter the field. For the benefit of those who do not know what a winter book is, let me say that it is a schedule of odds based on the prospect of the entire number of listed candidates actually participating in the tournament, and that the quotations are far more generous than they could possibly be when the personnel of the field has finally been determined, which is not until the hour play starts. The play-or-pay clause is a contingent feature of these odds. This means that, in consideration of the liberal prices offered, you lose your money if the player upon whom you have wagered fails to enter. These conditions

are identical with those regulating our own winter books on the 'Kentucky Derby.

The strange experience I was to have in connection with this event began its manifestations soon after my admonition to Fred that he should not risk any money on my chances. I retired to my room early, anxious to get a good sound sleep in anticipation of the nervous and physical tax impending. As I tumbled into bed I made the mental observation that no matter what was to be the outcome of this second attempt to win the British title, I could never offer lack of condition as an excuse for failure. Although neither Fred nor I had been derelict to the social side of our visit among such hospitable people, we had managed always to obtain sufficient rest and had not become wearied. My nerves were functioning perfectly.

Now I want to say here that the equipment for concentration in a golfer seeking championship honors is incomplete unless he has developed the ability to keep his mind free from worry on the eve of title competition. Having made that discovery years before, I had long since included it in the curriculum of my training and had been so intent upon its mastery that on the occasion of which I speak I was entirely undisturbed in this direction. Whenever I did think of what the result of this trip was to be, and it was quite natural

that the subject frequently came to mind, my ruminations were of a distinctly impersonal nature. To myself, I was merely one of a large field of contestants, with a prospect of winning which could be fairly well ascertained by the application of mathematics. These figures, plus my own common sense, told me it was distinctly an outside chance. I was calmly and coldly aware of this fact.

Fifteen minutes after the lights had been switched off in my room, I became vaguely aware that something had suddenly gone amiss with the usual routine. I was wide awake, my mind more active than it had been two hours earlier in the evening. Why had I failed to drop off quickly into a sound and refreshing slumber, as I had always done previously the night before a championship? Was the mechanism of nerve control which I believed so carefully organized about to collapse at this vital moment? The shock produced by that thought jolted me to an upright position in bed. Good heavens, I must crush any such notion at all hazards! To think about such a collapse was the one sure way to produce it!

This was a new experience to me. I must think calmly about the surest and quickest method to beat it. Let me see now, what was the best plan? Oh, yes. I'd think about the way I'd whipped my mind into line so often on the putting green.

There was that time I'd sunk a long putt at a critical moment in a match against Chick Evans. That was a rare piece of concentration, if I did admit it myself.

If I could sink a few like that tomorrow . . . Confound tomorrow! What made me think of tomorrow, anyway? This was no time for me to be bothering about tomorrow; I ought to be asleep at this moment. Well, I'm going to sleep, and right this moment too. I've never had any trouble going to sleep before when I wanted to; I've never even had to practice concentration when I wanted to go to sleep. But this is a slightly different case. A little concentration and the next thing I know it will be daylight.

But the next thing I knew wasn't daylight. It was rather the fact that I was never more thoroughly awake in my life. The chimes of a near-by clock, tolling midnight, conveyed the distressing information that I had been tossing around in bed for nearly two hours. Through that long, harrowing night, as I sat in a chair near an open window, puffing incessantly at cigarettes, or lay upon the bed fuming at the perversity of fortune which had ordained that I was to suffer this unexpected attack of nerves, with the long-awaited day almost at hand, I heard the chimes strike each hour. At daybreak I dressed and sought relief in the freshness of the early

morning air, sweeping in from the Channel, and in the peace and quiet of the quaint countryside spreading out from the sandy shore line. It was a vain search.

For the first time in my experience as a golfer I was completely and hopelessly a victim of my own nerves.

In the opening round of the championship that day I played even worse than you may have surmised from the facts I have already set down. My card for the round of eighteen holes showed 90 strokes, exactly sixteen more than I had required to cover the course just twenty-four hours previous to this. Overnight, I had slumped from the crest of my form to the depths of it, for I cannot recall ever having taken so many strokes as this in a championship match at that period of my competitive career.

And it was the irony of fate that this atrocious exhibition had to come at a time when the breaks of the opening match would have been all in my favor if the collapse had been just a trifle less far-reaching. My opponent, Charles A. Palmer, of Handsworth, Birmingham, the Irish Open Champion of the year previous, was similarly off his game and returned an 88 for the round. It was an inglorious exit from the tournament to be eliminated by a player who had barely broken 90. I regretted the incident more from the stand-

point of its reflection on the standard of American golf than from that of my own defeat. I did not relish having it said that the American champion had been overthrown by an opponent who had himself barely risen above duffer golf.

It was on this trip that we received an invitation from Lord Northcliffe, the distinguished British publisher, to visit his private links at Sutton place, Guildford, Surrey. This course, eighteen holes in length, is a rarely beautiful spot, located in a stretch of wooded rolling country and surrounded with the richness of historical lore dating back some four centuries. The estate was originally laid out in the sixteenth century by Sir Richard Weston, an able statesman and court favorite. Through the centuries the original lines of the massive dwelling have been retained, and the atmosphere of the time in which Sir Richard reigned over the estate still clings to its spacious drawing-rooms and paneled walls, an enchanting reminder of the luxury and grandeur of the living standards of the British people of high social caste in that day.

Lord Northcliffe was justly proud of Sutton Place, and also of the splendid golf links which Harry Vardon had constructed for him on the vast acreage. His frankness in exhibiting this pride was typical of the unaffected character of this man who had become such a power in British

politics, as far as I was able to form an estimate of his character in the brief space of that visit. The outstanding impression I gathered was that he was one of the most democratic men with whom I had ever come in contact. He seemed to possess a great fondness for American institutions, our native energy and our characteristically direct manner of calling a spade a spade. Indeed, it seemed to me that he had deliberately acquired some of our mannerisms.

He had such a highly developed knack of making you feel perfectly at home that both Fred and I remarked after leaving his hospitable country home that he had probably cloaked himself in sort of an American atmosphere that day for the benefit of his American guests.

We played a foursome, the other member of the party being an American newspaper man, Burton, whom Lord Northcliffe had mustered into service to introduce American methods in the conduct of his various newspaper enterprises. As we traversed the links Lord Northcliffe gave free expression to his views regarding international relations between his own country and the United States. His trend was all along the lines that he would like to see our friendship grow without interruption and move on to the point where there would never be any jarring notes of discord.

"The maintenance of the *entente cordiale* be-

tween our countries is not only vital to our own happiness but important to the peace of the whole world," he said. "There are so many little factors which can contribute to a better understanding. I believe the intermingling of our athletes in friendly competition is one of these. I am heartily in favor of every move which aims to send our own athletes to your country and to bring yours to our country. The trip of Harry Vardon and Ted Ray to America last year had a tendency in that direction, I believe. That was one of the reasons why I was so interested in their visit."

I heard later that Lord Northcliffe had himself paid the expenses of Vardon and Ray on their American tour the year previous. His belief was that these two noted linksmen were not only the embodiment of exceptional golfing skill but that they typified the average Englishman in their personal traits. America, he reasoned, would be interested in them primarily as golfers and secondarily as Englishmen. And since they were such skilled players on one hand and such fine sportsmen on the other, it was inevitable that they should be well received and create a favorable impression. If this theory proved true in fulfillment, then the English public would in turn feel a sense of gratitude that the response of their American cousins had been so generous. It was

sound logic, so established by the fine reception accorded Vardon and Ray, plus the dramatic touch given to their tour by Ouimet's victory over them in the Open Championship.

To the golfer, there is something else to this interchange of visits than a mere cementing of British-American relations—something, I dare say, as important to him as a member of the fifth estate as the international aspect is to the statesman mind. It is the fact that the opportunity thus furnished for a comparison of form and temperament is beneficial to golfers on both sides of the Atlantic. The mutuality of this benefaction is of only recent development. For years American players were the sole beneficiaries in this respect. We had much to learn from the English golfers, and they had little to learn from us. Now it comes near to being a fifty-fifty split.

Our progress has been so tremendous that we have just as much to offer as there is to receive.

Yet I am unconvinced that in some of the rudimentary arts of the game we are as far advanced as the British. For one thing I believe that many of us here are prone to take the game too seriously, which doesn't help in the slightest to mold the proper mental attitude toward it. For another, we have a tendency to be too deliberate. That is a real handicap. Step out on any golf course and watch the average American golfer as

he fiddles around before swinging the club. You will see him take half a dozen waggles or so, change his stance, tighten his forearm and then relax it, and go through an endless number of twistings as though his entire future happiness was at stake on the successful execution of that particular shot. The duffer is more inclined to these things than the finished player, but even the best are guilty.

Overdeliberation is a mistake primarily for the reason that it furnishes the player too much opportunity to think about the shot he is making. While he is fiddling around, uncertain as to what he should do, the thought is almost sure to come to him that he may fizzle the shot or that he ought to use some other club; and once that notion begins flitting before his vision, he stands on the brink of disaster. The chances are then about nine out of ten that he will do exactly the very thing he has been seeking so earnestly to avoid. He has literally worried himself into committing one or more of the many errors which swarm about golfers like a buzzing horde of black flies, ready to sting him the moment he lets down his guard.

The foreign-bred golfer, taking the game less seriously, is far less inclined to upset his own poise by means of being too deliberate. Do you recall Willie Smith, brother of Aleck, George and Mac-

donald, and a member of one of the best-known golfing families the game has ever known? I saw Willie play at Nassau for the first time when I was a kid of twelve years, and I have never forgotten the utter lack of concern he exhibited when he stepped to the ball. He never hesitated about the shot after he had taken his stance, never waggled the club head more than once or twice and never changed the club itself. The rapidity of his play was a revelation to me. His principle was simply to walk up to the ball and hit it—and Willie Smith could hit a golf ball as brilliantly and accurately as almost any golfer I have ever seen. The delicacy of his stroke was especially astounding, for he had large hands and wrists, and was a man of such bulk that it was difficult to reconcile his physical dimensions with the hair-line timing and daintiness of stroke of which he was capable.

I gained a similar impression of George Duncan when he first came to this country. Indeed, the famous British player, winner of the Open Championship of Great Britain in 1920 and of many other conspicuous honors on the golf links, was the most rapid player I have ever seen—even faster than Willie Smith. Duncan seems to make his shot while on the run, or perhaps it is better to say while on the walk. He scarcely takes any stance at all and doesn't waggle the club. He

merely walks up to the ball, lays the club head back of it momentarily and shoots.

How effective this system is has been demonstrated by his splendid record on the links, which finds him not far removed from the three masters of British golf—Vardon, Braid and Taylor.

Abe Mitchell, whose golfing skill America had the chance to see just a few years ago, when he came here on an extensive trip in company with Duncan, is another example of rapid-fire play. The American galleries following in the wake of Mitchell and Duncan never ceased to marvel at the crisp style of these two visitors and their apparent disregard of the mental hazards which we in this country have cultivated so assiduously, and I am quite sure that those who saw profited accordingly. To the man who fusses around with each shot, and thus imposes a severe burden on himself, it is wholesomely enlightening to know that good shots can be made without all these preliminary motions.

The standard of American golf, as great as has been the improvement in the last quarter of a century, would move forward even more rapidly if the value of unlabored play were strongly emphasized. I do not suggest that every golfer try to emulate the methods of Duncan, Mitchell and the other foreign experts, but I am convinced that the average player would get more enjoy-

ment and better scores if he abandoned the national habit of overemphasizing the care necessary in every shot. Try it out some day. See what the effect of a quick address will have on your playing.

Willie Smith once gave in my presence a striking illustration of the impervious spirit of the Scotch-born golfer in the face of a vexatious incident. This was while he was the professional at a Philadelphia club and subsequent to his engagement in Mexico, where he did yeoman service in spreading the gospel of the links. On the way from Philadelphia to New York to play in some important tournament on the Staten Island links of the Fox Hills Club, Smith lost his clubs. He spent hours in a vain search for them and finally got to bed barely in time to snatch a few winks of sleep before starting out on his round of the Fox Hills course. I saw him when he reached the first tee. He seemed much bedraggled and worn.

Every golfer will appreciate, I believe, how irritating it might be to a player to lose his clubs at such a moment. The opposition was about as stiff as it could be. Among the other players were the great Willie Anderson, four-time winner of the American Open Championship; and Isaac Mackie, the Fox Hills professional and a skilled player. Against a field of this character Smith

certainly required his full complement of golfing resources, and with his regular set of clubs missing it could hardly be said he was in possession of them.

Confronted with a dilemma of this nature, what would have been the attitude of the average American golfer? I refrain from charging my mind with anything so inevitably blasphemous.

It is more gratifying to turn back the pages of time and recall Willie Smith as I saw him that morning. Aside from the evidence of fatigue, he was the picture of serene affability. Somebody asked him what he intended to do.

"Do? Why, man alive, what is there to do? I'm going to borrow a set of clubs from anybody who's willing to take a chance on my not breaking them."

Anderson returned a scintillating 66 for the round. Mackie came home with the same superb score. And then Willie Smith, after a round with the set of borrowed clubs, trudged up to the clubhouse.

"How many?" asked the official score keeper.

"I got a 66; is it any good?" nonchalantly replied Smith.

The greatest golfer who never won a championship was the late John Graham, who amassed a fortune in the sugar business in Liverpool, England, where he was born of Scotch parentage. I

played with Graham over the Hoylake links in 1914, when he and Captain Nicholls—I am not positive as to the spelling—partnered in a foursome against Herreshoff and myself. Graham's name in amateur golf goes down alongside of those of John Ball, Fred Tait, Harold Hilton, Bobby Jones, Francis Ouimet and Chick Evans, although, as I say, he never won an important title. In our round at Hoylake I was able to make note of the reason often advanced for this strange failure of a master golfer to acquire honors which have fallen to players many steps removed from his superlative science on the links. Graham lacked the physical stamina to survive the ordeal of a championship. Fate, so kind to him in her bestowal of an ideal temperament and magnificent form, had forgotten to give him the needed strength to round out these gifts.

A tall thin man of pleasing mien, Graham found in his pursuit of the various championships that he could go a certain distance and would be compelled to stop there. The day we played at Hoylake he exhibited a variety of shots which showed plainly why he was so highly regarded by students of the game. I had wanted to play with him to see at first hand whether he was the accomplished golfer he was reputed to be. My curiosity was more than satisfied. Jack Graham carried every needed shot in his bag. As the four of us made

the round at Hoylake, and he brought forth one dazzling shot after another, I kept thinking continually what a pity it was that a trick of Nature had denied to this wonderful golfer the meed of laurels of which he was so justly deserving.

A year after that Jack Graham was dead, killed in the war at Hooze. And Captain Nicholls, his partner that afternoon, paid the great sacrifice too. Nicholls was known as the best left-handed player in England, and incidentally the only really first-class one I have seen. To both Herreshoff and me it was quite an innovation to be playing with a left-hander who was so expert in shot making. Neither of us had run across many in our time, and those we had encountered could scarcely have qualified as heralds of a great southpaw upheaval in the golfing world. Golf is one of the few sports which does not adapt itself to left-handed players. Men who are left-handed in other sports usually start in playing golf right-handed. That there are so few good left-handed players is unquestionably due to the fact that there are so few left-handers of any kind, good, bad or indifferent. I see no congenital reason why golf should not be played as well left-handed as right-handed.

It has always been a matter of the keenest interest with me to make the rounds of golf courses with players acknowledged to be proficient in the

game. The wisdom of this policy seems obvious. Though skill cannot be acquired by observing the methods of others, provided your schooling ends there, golf is conspicuously a game of the eye; and the more the aspiring player visualizes in the way of sound form, the more he is inclined to adopt the approved principles of play. The real benefit comes through actual study of these tactics and not casual observation. To make the round of a course daily with Harry Vardon three hundred and sixty-five times a year would accomplish nothing if some heed was not given to the technic of his genius. The entire equipment of the expert must be subjected to scrutiny—his temperament, the position of his hands and arms and body, his stance, the sweep of the club, the follow through and his freedom from the most common of all faults—lifting the head and failing to keep the eye on the ball.

To some of the foremost players in golf history I am grateful for object lessons I have learned through playing with them or following matches in which they participated. Let us take the concrete example of the remarkable demonstration of the value of accuracy given by J. H. Taylor in a round Herreshoff and I had with him at Sunningdale. Swinging his clubs with the easy grace typical of most great players, Taylor time after time placed his tee shots in the precise spot where

he wanted them to be. His control of the driver was mystifying in its deadly accuracy. Before teeing off he would designate to us the best place to aim for in anticipation of the second shot, and would then proceed to drop his own ball there for an absolute bull's-eye, neither farther away nor nearer than he had indicated, nor to right or left, but at the exact point. He did not try for record-breaking length, though his drives averaged in the neighborhood of 225 yards; he avoided any attempt to produce spectacular effects and he performed his task with expedition and assurance. Accuracy was his chief stock in trade. It was on a platform of accuracy he had risen to be one of the world's greatest golfers, five times the winner of the British Open.

Between the years 1894 and 1914, Vardon, Taylor and Braid among them won the British Open sixteen times, Taylor and Braid five times each and the Old Master six times, the end of their remarkable reign coming at the start of the war. Considering the class of the opposition to be encountered among British professionals, it had always mystified me how it was possible for three players, no matter how skillful they might be, to maintain so firm a monopoly on the championship. When I played with Taylor and Braid, and watched Vardon at work, I ceased to marvel. The all-round finesse of Vardon, the accuracy of

Taylor and the brilliance of Braid were self-explanatory. It then became plain why these men had permitted the championship to elude them only five times in this span of twenty-one years.

The three outstanding impressions I have gathered from contact with such players as this distinguished British trio, and with Americans of the class of Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen, Francis Ouimet, the Smiths, Johnny Farrell and others of the first division, is that the most valuable assets of the golfer with championship aspirations are these: The ability to make the most of good luck and the best of bad luck, the development of steadiness and the avoidance of pressing, and incessant practice, particularly with the shots which are found most difficult. The player who masters these three points, provided he has some basic natural prowess, is bound to be on his way toward the important goals of the golf universe. In the firmament of the game's stars is no Jones or Vardon or Hagen who has ascended to his celestial place without a thorough preliminary baptism in the knowledge that sound golf is reared only on a foundation possessing these rudimentary bulwarks.

Of the many curious features which give endless variety to golf, and distinguish it from other sports in the abundance of its eccentricities, none is more striking than the prank it plays on the in-



Photo by Edwin Levick, N. Y. C.

WALTER HAGEN

dividual in determining whether he is to excel at match play or stroke competition. Let us contrast it for the moment with our three other great national sports—tennis, baseball and football. In its individualistic phase, tennis is like golf, but differs in the fact that it is distinctly a one-department sport, match play being the sole basis of competition on the courts. Baseball is a nine-department game and football an eleven-department game, with the strength of the whole contingent largely upon the strength of the various units. The tennis expert, master of a repertoire of strokes, has a single outlet for his skill. Nothing is left for him if he fails to conquer his opponent. And the baseball or football star is quite helpless if the rest of the units in the machine of which he is but a part fail to function properly.

Golf, I believe, is the only game which offers a double opportunity for the athlete to win honors in his adopted sport. The other still-ball game, billiards, fails to furnish an exact parallel in this respect. It is true that a billiardist may be either expert in the delicate requirements of the balk-line game or the more rugged stroke of three-cushion play, but here the science of each is so distinctive and the difference in style so sharply drawn that the two branches of the game come close to the point of being actually separate games in themselves. That does not hold true in golf,

where match play and stroke competition require the same technical skill. The difference there is purely psychological.

There is nothing particularly odd in the fact that the founders of golf so arranged the sport that this dual prize should exist, but it is essentially a freakish condition that players possessed of the identical measure of technical ability frequently display a flair for one department of the game and not the other.

Now why is it that a man versed in shot making can make a round of the course in 75, or less when engaged in stroke competition and overshoot that mark by many strokes when at match play? The answer to that is temperament. Chick Evans was a shining illustration of this athletic oddity, which is the exclusive possession of golf; indeed, there is no other example within my knowledge so striking as that of the famous Edgewater crack.

The reverse of Evans' case has been my own. Stroke competition, as I have before mentioned, carried an exceedingly minor appeal as compared with the enjoyment I had always found in match play. It was always the Amateur Championship which struck the keenest note of response in me, and not the Open. I delighted in the conditions of the Amateur, which brought player against player in the human struggle of match competition; I was impassive to the requirements of the

Open, which seemed to me to lack the color of active battle and was more in the nature of conquest with a myth. I mention this with no thought of belittling the fighting spirit of players who find more exhilaration in the struggle against par. It is as much a test of the aggressiveness in a golfer's make-up to keep storming the stronghold of par, knowing that after all his real competitors are men engaged in the same pursuit as he, as it is to carry on a battle with a living opponent. I feel I have given clear expression to this opinion in my comment on Ouimet's rare exhibition of courage in his overthrow of Vardon and Ray at Brookline.

It was, indeed, this very incident which more than anything else opened my eyes to the high-powered tension which stroke competition could generate. After Ouimet had won the epoch-making play-off against his distinguished adversaries, I thanked him for having furnished me with the finest thrill I had ever enjoyed on the golf links and for having revealed to me for the first time the extent of the rugged elements of stroke play.

"I'm beginning to learn something," I told him. "As much golf as I've played, I never knew before that a medal round could pack such a wallop as this. Say, boy, you've given me an inspiration. I'm going to pay a little more attention to stroke competition hereafter. You've broken the

ice for the amateurs in the Open. It's going to start a lot more of us shooting for the mark."

My own attempts to gain this honor had always proved a trifle dismal. Though I had played with every ounce of ability I possessed, it simply couldn't be done. Yet it didn't worry me much. The Open had always appeared to me, as it no doubt appeared to other amateurs, as the special privilege of the professionals. It was not only fame and glory which came to the professional who won it, but a good round sum in dollars and cents as well. The acquisition of the title meant just so much additional revenue for professional services through the succeeding year. At that time, ten or twelve years ago, the championship was figured to be worth in the neighborhood of \$10,000 to \$15,000 in the course of twelve months; today its value is fully three times that sum.

The year after I had this conversation with Francis Ouimet he beat me in the final round of the Amateur Championship, played on the links of the Ekwanok Golf Club, Manchester, Vermont. It was certainly in no sense surprising to find the young Woodland champion, now barely past his majority, at the crest of his game. His victory over the British cracks, Vardon and Ray, had given him just the required touch of confidence for championship competition and had rounded out a golf temperament as nearly ideal as any I

have seen. I say it was no surprise to see this doughty youngster touching the pinnacle. Perhaps I had rather say that the surprise would have been in the reverse of this. Those who had analyzed Ouimet's form at Garden City the year before placed great store in his future, myself among them. And when he eliminated me in the final round 6 up and 5 to play, my disappointment at losing was at least tempered with the knowledge that I had not been conquered by an unworthy opponent.

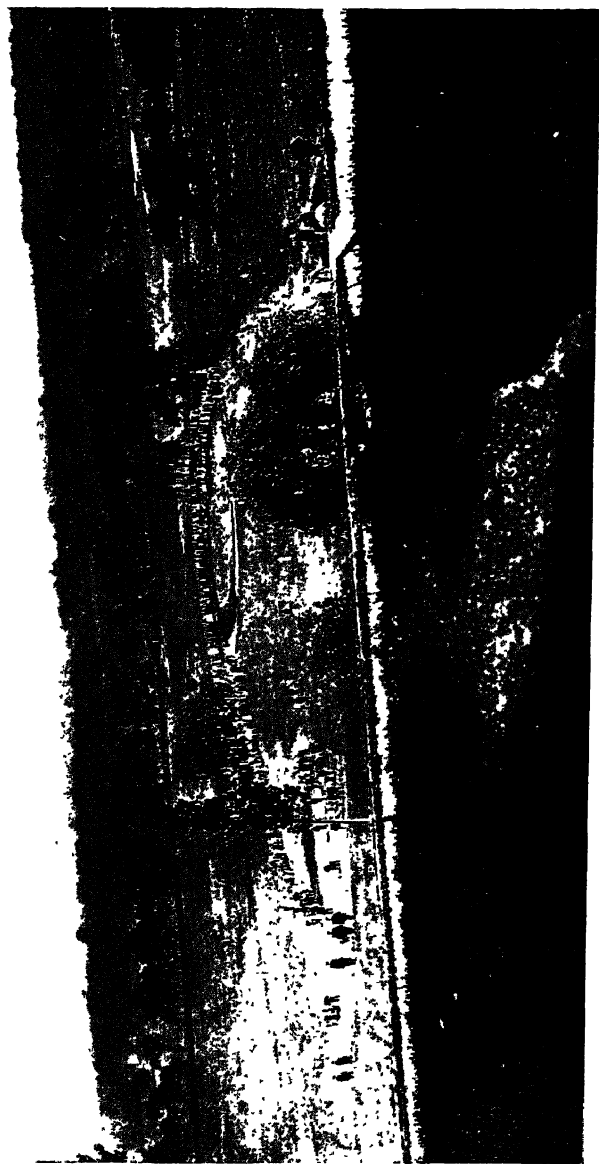
The interest which Ouimet's victory in the Open Championship stimulated in my attitude toward stroke competition was destined to bring about an absorbing experience two years later, when the event was held at Baltusrol. In the meantime I had paid a great deal more heed to medal rounds, trying to whip myself into a state of mind where I could get as much zest from this eternal battle with par as I had always been able to obtain from a close engagement with an actual opponent. The results were gratifying. I found myself getting genuinely excited over medal play. Where it had invariably seemed like such a lifeless sort of thing to me before, I now saw it in an utterly different light, and I was amazed that the revelation had been so long in coming.

On the tenth hole of the fourth and final round of the championship I found myself in the thick

of the fray, with an excellent chance of being well up among the leaders. The tenth is the famous Baltusrol island hole, one of the best known golf holes in the country. It is a drive and a pitch to the green, over a stream of water which cuts across the fairway directly in front of the putting green. In that treacherous, yawning hazard many a golfer has come to grief at a moment when the voice of victory was beginning to whisper to him. It calls for a second shot which must not only travel straight for the mark but must carry sufficient back spin to prevent an overplay.

From the tenth tee I sliced my first drive out of bounds for the loss of a stroke, a vital setback at this particular moment. My second I pulled sharply to the left, where it bounded into some high grass and left me in an exceedingly difficult position for my third. If I could pull out of this plight with a 5 for the hole it would be more than satisfactory—and a 6 could furnish no cause for grumbling. Those two tee shots certainly had all the earmarks of being costly.

When I reached the ball I found it buried in the grass about 175 yards from the hole. I meditated for a moment before determining how to play the shot. If I took a heavy niblick there was a reasonable chance that I could get back on the fairway on my third and hole out in the next three shots for a 6. But was a 6 good enough at this



THE FAMOUS ISLAND HOLE AT BALTUSROL, A VIEW TAKEN AT THE TIME

stage of the journey? My friends had kept a steady flow of reports coming to me on the other scores being turned in, and a hasty calculation indicated that something better than a 6 would be required here if I hoped to remain in the championship as a candidate for first place. What I really needed was a 4, but it seemed so far out of the realm of things possible that I dismissed the thought from my mind. I resolved to try for a 5, hoping that by some miracle I might be able to place my third on the green and hole out in the usual two putts.

That third shot I made on the island hole of Baltusrol in the final round of the 1915 Open Championship I look upon as the greatest I have ever made in all my golfing career. Using a jigger, I dug into the deep grass with all the power at my command, caught the ball cleanly at exactly the right point and sent it on a high-arching journey toward the pin. As it began descending I fairly gasped for fear it would not clear the water. But it did, nicely. And the shout that echoed back from the large gallery surrounding the green told me that it had apparently rolled up close to the pin. It had. I found the ball lying not more than three feet from the cup and sank it for an easy 4.

When I reached the fifteenth tee I learned I was still in the running. Joe Mitchell, exuding

enthusiasm, came running up to me and asked if I knew how many strokes I had to spare to beat the best score turned in—that of Tom McNamara, the Boston professional, who had already finished his fourth round for a total of 298 strokes.

“Yes, I know. I’ve got Tom McNamara to beat,” I told him.

“But, Jerry, have you figured out what you’ve got to do on the next four holes? You have to make them in par to tie him and one under par to win.”

“Yes, I know that too. Depend on it, I’m going to try my darnedest.”

The fifteenth hole was par 5. I made it in four that afternoon. I was then quite as thrilled as any of my good friends, who were fluttering around me in a state bordering on frenzy. I chuckled inwardly at this thought, in spite of the tension of the moment. Here two years before this I had been one of that weaving high-strung gallery, exhorting and praying that a youth of twenty would retain his composure long enough to traverse the short distance which stood between him and success. Now the boot was on the other foot. It was I upon whom a portion of the gallery at least was calling to hold together for just three more holes. Not that anyone wished to see



GALLERY FOLLOWING THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP

Tom McNamara defeated, but simply that the last man in, if he has a chance, is invariably the center of interest.

I was thinking of something else also. It was simply this: That never in my life had a golf battle proved of such profound interest as this. I could appreciate now how Chick Evans and the rest of the great medal players got their thrills from stroke play. I recalled the most interesting match I had ever played, that with Charlie Seely in the Metropolitan Championship some years before, but it flashed through my mind that this memorable contest certainly had carried no greater zip than what was taking place now. It was with cold deliberation that I was thinking of these things, mind you. I had been through enough golf to realize that this was a time when I should keep my mind clear of everything except the fact that I had an exceptionally hard task to perform.

The next three holes I covered in even par, to finish with a total of 297 strokes for the four rounds, one less than the aggregate turned in by McNamara and one under par for the four final holes. And this score brought me the National Open Championship, a prize which had at one time seemed utterly beyond my reach. I am frankly forced to admit that the finish from the

fourteenth hole in was good, but it was not this that brought me my fifth national title. It was rather the shot from the rough at the tenth hole—the best shot I have ever made in my career.

VII

AN INFORMAL RANKING OF THE STARS



It is axiomatic that one swallow does not make a summer, that one great player does not make a baseball team and that one spectacular golf shot does not win a championship. Yet swallows and great ball players and sparkling golf shots all have a tendency to bring about the respective ends. Confining this line of reasoning to golf, I find that the value of the single shot is oftentimes inestimable if delivered at the right moment. It is not necessarily skill alone which makes it possible for the golfer to rise to an acute emergency. Skill helps, naturally, but the element of luck is not without its influence.

I've never had any illusions about my ability to duplicate at will the shot to the Baltusrol island green which resulted in my winning the National Open Championship of 1915. Luck was with me that day. It chanced that this rare stroke happened along at a moment when it would do me the most good. The shot would still have been as good if it had failed to open the road to victory,

but its luster would have been dimmed and I dare say it would not now find a place in my recollections as the best I have ever made.

Harold H. Hilton, the celebrated English amateur, once dazzled me with a shot he made in a match we were playing on the Muirfield course in Scotland. His drive was slightly off the line and the ball lodged between two sturdy tufts of grass. It was an atrocious lie. The ball nestled snugly and compactly between the imprisoning walls of turf, with no apparent margin in the rear for the club head to scoop under it and produce satisfactory results. I was curious to see what club Hilton would use in playing out. While waiting for him to make his decision it occurred to me that if the shot was mine I should call for a heavy mid-iron and rely on cutting through the grass and soil by means of a sharp blow. Less experienced players would even have been inclined to employ a niblick—the most massive one in the bag, at that.

Proceeding in that calm methodical manner for which he is renowned, Hilton diagnosed the shot in much the same way the surgeon diagnoses symptoms of illness requiring surgical science. This painstaking analysis lasted for a minute or so and evidently established for him that the treatment necessary was not a minor operation, but a major

one. There was no doubt about its being an aggravated case.

"Boy," he said, taking a hurried step toward his caddie, "give me the spoon."

The spoon! Of all clubs to use in extricating the ball from such a fearful predicament; I should not have been much more astounded if he had called for a driver. How did he hope to drive a wooden spoon through that tough grass, I wondered; and if he did succeed in getting that far, how could he obtain sufficient loft to the ball to make it clear the tuft directly in front of it? I took another squint at the ball to see if my eyes had deceived me. No, it was absolutely fast in its tufted prison.

Taking his stance, Hilton swung at the ball without the slightest wasted motion and with no indication that he was dubious as to the outcome. It was a graceful and easy stroke, free of any sign of pressing. The club head seemed barely to skim over the two little mounds engaging the ball, and yet when it started on its upward swing in a pretty follow-through, the ball had been picked neatly from its trap and was at that moment floating down the fairway straight for the green. The spot where it had rested showed no marks of having been disturbed. Hilton, master wielder of the spoon, had contrived to pluck it out with his

bulky wooden club as delicately and cleanly as though he had tried a fancy shot with a mashie niblick—and much more effectively, for he was now on the green for an easy 4. It was a shot I number among the most remarkable I have ever seen.

To return to the question of luck entering into a shot of this character, let me elucidate the exact shade of meaning I have in mind. It is not luck that the finished player is able to make these difficult strokes—far from it. The element of good fortune comes in when he manages to put them over at precisely the right moment. No player can go on endlessly making wonder shots. Sometimes he fails when the need for one is most pressing. Jones, Vardon, Hagen, Braid, Taylor and all the best of them have failed at such times. The likelihood of their accomplishing the seemingly impossible is far stronger than it is with players of less skill, but they are considerably removed from being infallible. Poor luck is always at hand to aid in making “infallibility” a word foreign to golf.

There was a shot made by Cyril J. H. Tolley, one of the leading British amateurs and winner of the British Amateur Championship of 1920, which is more than worthy of recognition as a masterpiece of stroke making. Tolley drives a wicked ball. In the British Open Championship,

at Troon, in 1923, he drove the first green, 350 yards, and then holed his putt for a 2, a scintillating performance any way you figure it, but more so when it is borne in mind that it was the result of perfect play and not luck. It is not this shot, however, of which I speak, but one he made at another time after he had hooked his drive so that the ball lay about two feet inside the fairway and so close to a barbed-wire fence that there was no room for him to take his stance.

Tolley tried squeezing himself into the small space between the fence and the ball, but when he bent forward to take his stance he was painfully conscious of the sharp prongs of the barbed wire penetrating the light summer material of his trousers. He withdrew speedily from that uncomfortable position and good-naturedly joined with the gallery in the laughter which the pricking barbed wire had caused. To every experienced golfer it seemed that Tolley's sole alternative was to take a quarter-diagonal swipe at the ball with a short-shafted club, preferably a niblick. His caddie was of that mind, too, for he shoved a niblick in Tolley's direction, only to have it waved aside. The young Englishman was figuring that he needed something better than a niblick shot here.

Everyone became deeply absorbed in the plan of execution forming in Tolley's mind, particu-

larly when he withdrew a long-shafted brassie from his bag. What could he possibly expect to do with a club of that kind when there wasn't enough space to swing even a much shorter one? Tolley quickly enlightened them. Vaulting the fence, he began addressing the ball from the other side of the barbed wire, leaning as far over it as he could in an awkward, uncomfortable position. Several times he drew the club back to the top of the swing to see if he had sufficient clearance, and finding that he could just barely make it, he let go with all the force he could muster with muscles and body as severely cramped as they were.

It was a marvelous exhibition of what the expert golfer can do when necessity demands. With a superb snap of the wrists as the club head bore into the ball, Tolley sent away a brassie shot in which he might have felt a proper sense of pride if it had been made in the most favorable circumstances. It was straight and long, and never stopped traveling until it had trickled up on the green close to the cup, from which point he halved the hole in 4. And that was one great shot in which the element of luck had no part. It was too bold in conception and too perfect in execution to be anything else than a rare bit of golf artistry.

The spirit of fair play pervading the golf links

is one of the most delightful phases of the game. I refrain from glorifying the members of the great brotherhood which has sprung into existence in the last thirty-eight years as keener sportsmen than those who lean to other athletic pastimes, but I believe it can be safely said that no more highly developed sense of sportsmanship can be found elsewhere. The rigid adherence of John Reid and his colleagues to the finer principles of the game still lives in spite of the rapid expansion of golf. Bad sports are in the great minority on the links. We find them now and then, mixed in with those who violate the courtesies of the game, but they are few.

And yet there was a time far back in golf history when players failed to observe the standards of etiquette now prevailing. In the archives it is recorded that the practice of intimidating an opponent by means of subtle comment and actions was not uncommon, though confined largely to men well acquainted with one another rather than to the casual adversaries of tournament competition. There were various methods of employing this drawing-room type of intimidation—for example, the apparently innocent suggestion to an opponent that his improved form had been brought about through a change in the style of play.

"You're hitting them harder than you used to,"

the intimidator would say. "You seem to get much better results when you press like that." Whereupon his opponent, believing his comment to be honest, would start pressing every shot and his game would fall to pieces.

Now and then we come across a golfer who resorts to such tricks in this day. The most notable example of it I have ever seen was a certain golfer of my acquaintance. I often used to wonder whether it was an inborn characteristic with him or whether he merely found some devilish glee in throwing an opponent off his stride. And since he enjoyed the reputation of being a good fellow in other respects, I have concluded that he was actuated more by a spirit of fun than by any underlying natural tendency to be a bounder. There are such persons in this world. A man sometimes revels in the knowledge that others regard him as arrogant or austere or sharp, when, as a matter of fact, he is none of these. To the golfer I have in mind it gave a lot of individualism and personality to be known as a player against whom opponents must always be on their guard. Perhaps he relished having the spotlight thrown on this positive quality in his make-up; certainly it precluded his ever becoming known as a negative character.

The intimidative recourse of this golfer was to exasperate his opponents by the slow delibera-

tion of his play. On the tee, he would address the ball for several minutes at such times when he held the honor, waggling his driver back and forth in a provoking manner, teeing the ball either a little higher or lower and stopping to call out instructions to his caddie. If his second shot lay 150 yards or so from the green, he would walk the entire distance to the hole and back again before making the shot, pretending to study the roll of the ground and the exact distance to be covered. Then he would address the ball, stop and look around as though annoyed because his adversary happened to be standing too close to him or because one of the caddies or spectators was moving. After a lapse of some minutes, he would make his shot, knowing he had worked his opponent up to a point of irritation where the chances for a fozzled stroke were excellent.

One day it chanced that his opponent in an important round of a tournament was an old-time baseball player, who, like John Montgomery Ward, had taken up golf and become proficient in it. The former star knew the tactics of the man he was playing—and was prepared for him. The night before they were to meet he had studied out a method by which to offset the irritating effect of this over-emphasis on deliberation. When he evolved the plan he kept it strictly to himself and was content, when his friends warned him

of what was in store, to observe sagely that maybe things wouldn't work out so badly after all.

The news spread quickly that the baseball man was lying in wait for this obstreperous golfer and intended beating him at his own game. It attracted a large crowd to the Baltusrol course, where the match was played. The spectators were not kept in suspense long. At one of the early holes the former star's opponent placed his tee shot about 170 yards from the green, and before playing the second went through the regular formula of measuring off the intervening ground between the cup and the spot where the ball lay. This was his first attempt to rattle the baseball man. The crowd waited expectantly as he walked slowly toward the green with deliberate strides and stopped to make a minute inspection of the adjacent sand pits.

As he started to retrace his steps his gaze rested upon the figure of a man seated on a camp chair in the center of the fairway. He paused, mystified, shading his eyes from the sun as he peered down the course, trying to make out who in that throng would adopt such a novel expedient for enjoying comfort while following a golf match. But the face of the person seated in the chair was obscured and he could not tell. He was plainly disturbed. On the way back to the ball he forgot entirely about moving in a measured tread, but quickened

his pace so smartly that he was proceeding almost at a dogtrot. A great suspicion had loomed up in his mind. He was eager to confirm it.

Yes, the occupant of the chair was the former star. Back of him was a semicircle of spectators on tiptoe at the unexpected turn events had taken. Most of them were having a hard time to suppress the mirth stirred by this tableau of the intimidator intimidated. The man in the chair was the picture of ease, comfort and nonchalance. He affected to be utterly oblivious of his surroundings and kept his eyes riveted upon a magazine which he seemed to be reading. Even when his opponent stepped directly in front of him as though to speak, the former star remained motionless, apparently intent upon the most absorbing story he had ever read. A mid-iron rested against his lap and his own ball lay on the turf a few feet from where he sat, apparently neglected and forgotten in their owner's sudden defection from golf in favor of literature.

The baseball man's opponent, now much fussed at the unexpected turning of the tables, dubbed his shot. It was now the former star's turn to play, but he sat rigid on his chair, occasionally turning a page in the magazine over which he was poring. His caddie spoke to him—once, twice, three times; and he came back to earth with a start, as though suddenly remembering that he was participating

in a golf match. He carefully closed the magazine, folded up the camp chair and handed them to another caddie, who had been trailing along in the rear unobserved. Then, with exaggerated dignity and deliberation, he made his shot—a good one—and as it proceeded on its way to the green the baseball man and everyone in that immediate vicinity knew he was master of the situation. His clever scheme had functioned perfectly. Those who saw it in operation became convinced that the best cure for intimidation is intimidation.

Golf, the game of infinite variety, is always offering its followers the opportunity to do the unexpected. In this instance I do not refer to the unexpected as demonstrated by the former baseball star. I have in mind a play made by Francis Ouimet on the New Jersey links of the Pine Valley Golf Club, near Philadelphia. In the sixth hole of this great sandy course is a slight elbow with a score-despoiling bunker lying in the path of tee shots which are not played to the left. The invariable rule of Pine Valley golfers had been to make their drives in that manner, since it seemed like almost a hopeless task to try to carry that foreboding bunker. Ouimet, playing an informal match, conceived the shot in a different light.

“Why not carry the bunker itself?” he asked of those playing with him.

"It's too far away—the distance is something well over 200 yards," they told him.

"I believe it can be carried. Let's take a poke at it anyway." Whereupon Ouimet aimed straight for the stretch of fairway beyond the bunker and reached it nicely. It was the first time any golfer had succeeded in doing it, the impression having become so firmly fixed that it could not be done that the members had abandoned their efforts to accomplish it. Since that day several of them have duplicated Ouimet's performance. It is not, however, a common practice. One must be an exceedingly long driver to be able to send the ball more than 200 yards away from the tee before it falls to earth.

Pine Valley, in my judgment, is the finest golf course in the United States and equaled by few in any part of the world. As a test of the game, it is supreme. Neither flat nor hilly, the undulating land resembles a desert into which have been dropped clusters of beautiful trees. White sand is everywhere, great stretches of it reaching along the fairways and circling the putting greens. Nature's color combination is entrancing. The grayish white of the desert blends softly into the green of the woodland; and where these sandy rivulets wind in and out through the meadow or flow gracefully over the grass-covered parapets, it reminds

you of snowdrifts resting on the countryside.

Over this rarely picturesque spot in the lowlands of Southern Jersey hovers the memory of the man who conceived it and to whose broad vision and unstinted energy Pine Valley now stands as a monument. I met him some years ago—George Crump, a splendid, whole-souled chap then in the fullness of his life. To him Pine Valley was the dream of a lifetime come true. As a boy he had traversed every foot of the sandy soil with a shotgun slung over his shoulder as he and his comrades spent days in the woods bagging quail, which were to be found in abundance there. It was the place of his dreams. In later years, when he had prospered and found his notch in the world of business as a hotel owner of wealth and affluence, his eyes and heart turned again toward the wooded spot in which he had found so much joy in his youth.

George Crump told me of it himself. The vision of Pine Valley transformed into a masterpiece of golf architecture came to him on one of those exhilarating expeditions he was again making over its white-grained expanses and through its quail-inhabited thickets, all so reminiscent of similar journeys he had made many years ago. And yet it was different now. He was middle-aged, a fair measure of his life behind him. Then he had stood at the threshold of his life, free of responsibility, unburdened with the cares of the world and

conscious only of the great fun which could be found in roaming such a paradise as this. There is nothing to equal youth. Again Crump was free from the cares of the world—released from the burly of business life that had filled in the span from those early days and that he had weathered better than most men, to retire from the strife before it was too late to enjoy the fruits of his independence. And he understood perfectly why he responded more to the charm of this tree-hedged desert than did any other living man; he knew that this later-day thrill gathered its chief luster in the echoes rumbling down from the past and in a sentiment which time had made mellow and rich.

I know that these were the thoughts that George Crump had of Pine Valley. He told me of them himself.

Crump's vision began assuming concrete form when he engaged the famous English golf architect, Colt, to come to this country to plan a course of surpassing merit and extraordinary beauty. Colt, deeply impressed with the scenic splendor, pitched his tent in the woods and camped there for a week or more. He emerged from his hibernation enthralled. The same potential qualities for a wonderful links which Crump had visioned became even magnified under the critical analysis of the expert. He reported that it would be possible to mold one of the finest courses in the world

from the ground so treasured in the memories of George Crump.

"Good! I thought so. I see it all as you do—the sand, the trees, the turf and the rolling ground. Good! Let's make it what you say—one of the best courses in the world." Crump was jubilant. Colt's verdict was music to his ears; he told me of the happiness it brought him.

From Colt's blue-printed diagram was reared this magnificent golf course you will find in a quaint old section of New Jersey not far from the Delaware River. But the man in whose brain the image was born passed on before it had reached the perfected state you now see. It had been his ambition to finish it and present it to the club. But it was ordained that Crump was not to visualize in finished form the great creature of his fancy.

That is the historical and sentimental side of Pine Valley. The purely practical side is that few courses have been constructed in this country with the same premium for good playing and penalty for poor playing. It is not a course for the duffer. Every bad shot is punished. To wander away from the fairway is to play in heavy white sand such as you will find in the traps of other courses. Here there is a bunker, there a trap, scientifically placed to catch the errant shot and to exact no penalty from the good one. Inferior golf cannot survive for more than a lucky shot or two,



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AERIAL VIEW OF PINE VALLEY GOLF CLUB, SUMNER, N. J., DESCRIBED
BY JEROME D. TRAVERS AS THE FINEST COURSE HE EVER PLAYED

while good golf finds its just reward. This quality is a distinctive characteristic of Pine Valley. It offers encouragement to the golfer playing in good form and endless trouble to the man off his game.

The first time I saw Pine Valley was in the late afternoon of a fine summer day some years ago, when only fourteen holes had been completed. That same day I had won an invitation tournament at the Huntington Valley Country Club, in the suburbs of Philadelphia, and was at the top of my form. George Crump made the round of the unfinished course with us, explaining each of the fine points of the links as we went, notably that par had been worked out on such scientific principles that the question of distance on many of the holes had been scaled down almost to inches.

When I managed to make every one of the holes in par that afternoon he actually found more pleasure in the accomplishment than I did. And when I told him frankly that I believed he would soon have on his hands the best golf course in America, he concurred so heartily that I gained my first insight into the depth of the pride he felt in this development. My enthusiasm was genuine. Pine Valley has been my favorite links from the first day I played it.

The magnitude of golf is colossal. I refer now not so much to the numerical strength of its followers as to the profound effect it is having on

many currents of human activity. I have heard men of affairs mention from time to time that they had reached decisions of the utmost importance while making a round of the links. Some of the world's ablest statesmen have admittedly sought the quiet and restfulness of the golf course while deliberating questions of international importance.

It is even traditional with the game that it has always appealed to persons of high estate and leaders of thought. Its designation as the royal and ancient sport is significant in this respect. That phrase was not haphazard. It goes back through the centuries to the Scottish monarchs, notably James IV, whose name is the first of the royal sponsors of the game to be found on the golfing record. And it is a curious fact that while James IV was an ardent devotee of the game, an edict of 1491, bearing his signature, sets forth:

"Futeball and Golfe forbidden. Item, it is statut and ordainit that in na place of the realme there be usit futeball, golfe, or uther sik unprofitabill sportis."

In this day we have all the evidence the most skeptical might require to prove that the game has a peculiar fascination for men who have attained distinction in the various byways of achievement. The membership rosters of the hundreds of clubs now in existence bear mute witness to this fact, and

there is also the convincing accumulation of testimony furnished in the personnel of the Seniors' Golf Association, an organization which sprang into being merely from a deep-seated love of the game, but which has unconsciously come to be a symbol of the type of older men who go in for the sport.

On a recent tabulation the rolls of the Seniors' Association showed 600 members, representing twenty-seven of the forty-eight states, with a wait-long list of 250. It takes about four years for an applicant to find a place in the membership ranks. A man must be fifty-five years of age before he may play in the association's annual tournament, and he cannot be proposed for membership until he is fifty-three. The tournaments have always been played at the Apawamis Club, Rye, New York, where was born the inspiration for the creation of this organization, now the largest in the United States in point of individual members.

I believe the motivating thought of those who founded the Seniors' Tournament penetrates to the core of the game's popularity in America. Let us glance at the philosophy of the event as it is expressed by Horace L. Hotchkiss, the recognized pioneer in the movement, in his monograph describing the origin.

"The original idea of such a tournament started from a discussion at the nineteenth hole at the Ap-

awamis Club in the winter of 1904," Mr. Hotchkiss says. "Some radical views were being expressed in regard to the future of golf in the United States—that the game would be played by young men and that it would be only on rare occasions when men of fifty to sixty years would be seen on the golf links. As I was at that time over sixty years of age, and also very much interested in golf, I challenged this view of the future of golf in America and declared that a field of golfers could be arranged in the near future sufficient to make up a tournament on the Apawamis links, and all players would be fifty-five years of age and over. The problem of arranging for a tournament seemed difficult, as the general impression existed that the moderate skill required at that time by the old men, as they were called, would discourage many who might wish to enter the competition, by the possibility that it might prove a spectatular exhibition of old age and poor golf."

Mr. Hotchkiss later on laid his views before his colleagues on the board of the Apawamis Club and was encouraged to undertake the task, "with full authority and as the only member of the committee in charge."

"Having passed most of my life as a boy and man in Wall Street, I was particularly favored by a knowledge of those of my associates who were

golf players and were eligible for the competition," he adds. "I placed myself in correspondence with them, and many others, and invited them to take part in a golfing competition to be arranged on the Apawamis links. I received many interesting and amusing replies, and was early satisfied that a field of fifty or more golfers could be depended upon to make up the first tournament.

"At the very beginning of my efforts I found the term Old Men's Tournament quite distasteful to some of those who were to play in the coming events, as this title was being continually used when talking about the tournament. I discouraged the use of this title and christened the coming event the Seniors' Tournament, which distinguished title now identifies this annual at Apawamis as one of the important golfing fixtures of the United States."

Some years after Mr. Hotchkiss had launched his pet undertaking, and it had gone over with a flourish, the suggestion was made by Walter Brown that the time was now at hand for the veteran players participating in the event to organize themselves into a permanent association. Frank Presbrey, then chairman of the committee having the tournament in charge, seized upon this proposal as possessing rare merit and at once set about building the framework of the structure of

the association we now see. Darwin P. Kingsley became its first president and Mr. Presbrey succeeded him, serving for three years.

There are three specific points which impress themselves upon me in connection with this move of the older golfers to stabilize the game for themselves and to prevent its complete alienation by youth, in the usual fickle manner of sports and other things. One is that these veterans of the links recognized in golf an outlet for the play instinct in older men such as had never before been offered by any sport. Another is in the thought expressed by Mr. Kingsley when he told his fellow members:

"We have played our part in the fierce contests of middle life—and, I think, played it honorably. Now we come together as men like us have never before assembled. Why? Because we have discovered—as, alas, thousands of others have not—how to meet advancing age merrily. By this game of golf and this fellowship we vanquish time even as the boy scores a seventy-nine. None of us knows how we do it, but we do."

That to me carries the breath of the philosophy about golf itself in this country. You may recall the remark of John C. Ten Eyck, one of the pioneers, which I quoted at the outset of this informal review of the human phases of the game, and which he made in response to my request for an ex-

planation of the motives impelling him and his colleagues to take up the sport. "It was a move toward the resurrection of youth," said Mr. Ten Eyck. And here in this later-day analysis made by Mr. Kingsley we find the same logic, expressed just a trifle differently.

The third point goes back to the type of older men who turn to the golf links for recreation, strikingly exemplified in the composition of the Seniors' Association. On its membership rolls are inscribed the names of justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, industrial leaders, distinguished bankers and men of note from nearly every branch of professional activity, including scientists, physicians, clergymen, editors and authors.

I believe the hold the game has taken upon them goes beyond the mere fact that it is the one outdoor sport open to men past their athletic prime. It seems to me it is traceable more to the rare qualities of golf as revealed in the game's combination of the physical and mental equations. Relaxing to the mind in the complete concentration required, stimulating to the body in the superbly proportioned exercise, scientific in the exacting demands of each play, varied in the ever-changing problems presented and fascinating to the ultimate degree—golf is a game with a soul, as definite as the souls of those who play it and who gravitate toward it because of this community of interest. It is the

only game of physical prowess played more with the mind than the muscles.

Sometimes when I hear of an important business deal consummated on the golf course, or read of the devotion of men high in statecraft toward the game, a picture takes shape in fancy typifying the influence of the game on world affairs. I see the golf universe hedged in by an enormous wall and over its arched portals a slab of granite into which have been carved the legends describing its mission among mankind. "The Fifth Estate," It reads, and underneath these lines:

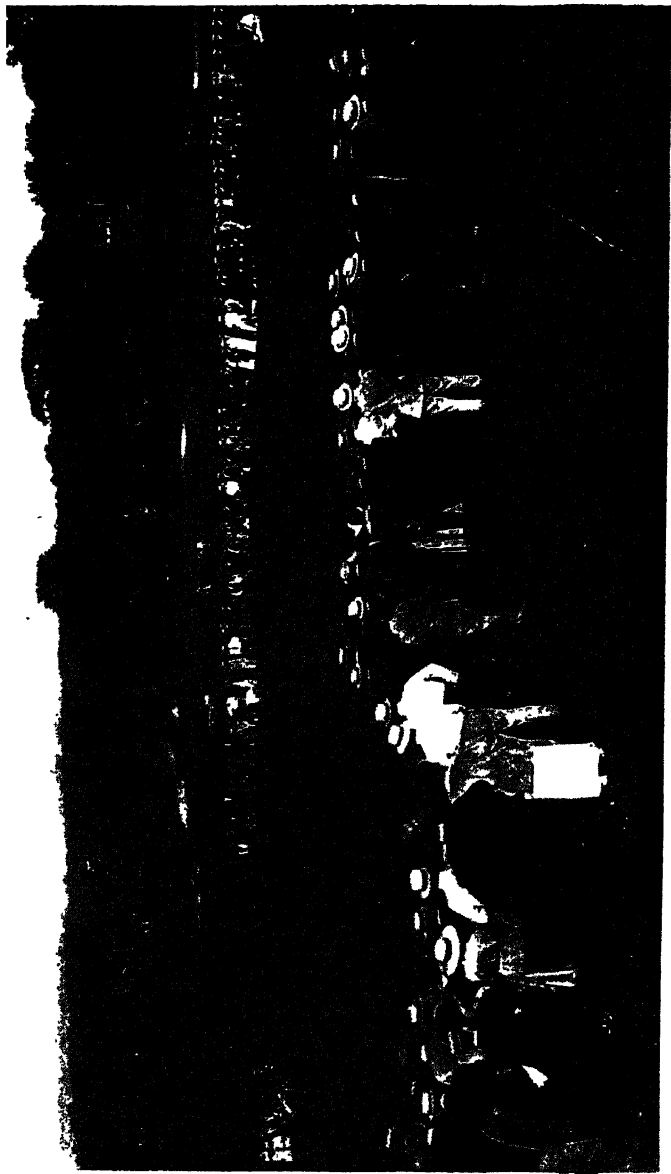
"Destinies of nations shaped while you wait.

"Politics of states molded by request.

"Future of industry determined on order.

"Resurrection of youth neatly done."

In directing attention to the fact that golf has so many illustrious adherents I do not mean to say that it fails to cast its spell over us plainer folks, On the contrary, the versatility of its appeal is shown in the breadth of its following. Where its slim ranks of a quarter of a century ago were composed of a faithful few who alone made the correct appraisal of its merits, the large army now mustered into service reaches from the highest stations to the most humble, a democracy of the first water. The old social barriers, created more by



A SCENE IN THE 1915 OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP HELD AT THE BALTUSROL GOLF CLUB, NEW JERSEY, AND WON BY JEROME D. TRAVERS

the early ridicule of the game than by any actual atom of snobbishness in the golfer's make-up, have ceased to exist. The municipally owned public links, the pay-as-you-play courses and the many new clubs coming into existence each year, 113 being added in 1925 alone to the United States Golf Association, have made the following too heterogeneous to permit of caste distinction.

The reflections of thirty years' experience with golf prompt me to place before that species of our citizenry known as the great American philanthropist the suggestion that a modern and extremely worthy benefaction would be the endowment of golf courses. It is the one unfortunate feature of the game that it is expensive. And it is anomalous that the growing popularity of the game has come with its growing costs. The inflation of prices has been sweeping. Balls cost more, clubs are twice what they were, caddie hire is higher and dues are becoming almost prohibitive for the wage earner. Not so many years ago, it cost about \$200 to join a first-class club, including initiation fee and dues for a year. Today a membership bond in some of these same clubs runs as high as \$1500 and \$2000 and the annual dues \$250 or more. In other clubs the rates are double this amount and in a few they touch the \$5000 mark.

I offer this recommendation in no facetious vein. It is my honest belief that few philanthropies could

serve a more useful purpose than this. I see it as a gift to humanity of inestimable value—a channel for the dissemination of health-giving and mind-relaxing recreation and hence a means of increasing national efficiency. I dare say most of us are a little fed up on the word “efficiency,” but here we find the solution of how to develop it in a manner the opposite of objectionable. It would take a radical of an ultra-abnormal type to oppose the foisting of efficiency upon mankind if it could be presented through the medium of a diversion in which he found the keenest delight. Personally, I care little about the efficiency element and much about the quality of amusement. I mention it merely because one is the natural outgrowth of the other.

And if by any chance some American of philanthropic mind should ever give serious consideration to the endowment of a fund for the construction and operation of public links, I suggest that he analyze the findings of W. A. Alexander, a Chicago employer, who reported to the recent convention of the United States Golf Association that any person who played golf was worth at least 50 per cent more to his company because of the integrity and clear thinking instilled by the game. It would be equivocating to deny the truth of this. Health has a strong tendency to mold character,

and health is among the many benefits which come from contact with the links.

Contrast between the old and the new is inevitably a subject furnishing food for academic discussion which can go on to the end of time, and in all likelihood to a drawn battle. In the listing I have prepared of the more notable golfers who have played in my time I refrain from comparing the individual players of one period with those of another. The positions I assign in this informal ranking are quite frankly the outcome of no scientific method of determining merit, but rather the result of personal conviction. My opinions have been arrived at in much the same way as a baseball fan determines in his own mind the greatest players. He is impressed by what he sees. There is something in the technic or personality of this player or that which strikes home with particular force, and he arranges the order of his favorites accordingly.

Let us start with the six players of my time who impress me as the greatest the world has ever known. They are:

1. Robert T. Jones, Jr.
2. Harry Vardon.
3. Walter C. Hagen.

4. J. H. Taylor.
5. James Braid.
6. Macdonald Smith.

I place Bobby Jones at the top for the reason that I believe he is the most accomplished golfer of at least the thirty-year period with which I am familiar. If there is any weakness in Bobby's game, it is a tendency to hook his long iron shots to the green. Beyond that his form comes as near to being the essence of perfection as any within my knowledge. The once refractory temper is now under control, the little defects of play early discernible have been ironed out and the entire mechanism functions without friction.

One of the chief attributes of the champion is consistency. Bobby is all of that. You find him invariably at the top or hovering about it. As I recall it, his record in the American Open Championship in the last four or five years shows he has made the many rounds in something like fifteen strokes less than Hagen has taken. His name appears as one of the four amateurs who have won that title and three times he has been runner-up, tied for that position in 1922 with J. L. Black, the Oakland professional. In addition to winning the championship twice from as brilliant fields as have ever been assembled, Jones has twice missed that honor by a single stroke. These occasions

were in 1922, when Gene Sarazen led Black and him 288 to 289; and last year, when Willie Macfarlane and he twice tied for the leading position—a happening without precedent in the event. That Macfarlane barely managed to squeeze through on the second play-off is in itself further evidence of the steadiness of the Atlanta star.

It is not the player of momentary luster whose achievements become enduring, but he who proves himself through a long, arduous campaign in which he tests his mettle against the stiffest competition the game offers. The six men I have named as the world's greatest golfers are of the latter type. Vardon, it is true, enjoys a greater meed of this glory than does Jones; but for technical perfection I believe no player has ever quite equaled Jones, not even the celebrated English master. Both have invariably been at their best. It is not recorded that they have been great today and feeble tomorrow. Their golf, like that of the four ranked with them, is free from prolonged slumps and futile alibis. It is through a period of years, and not weeks or months, that they have established their caliber.

In placing Bobby Jones at the top I am sure my judgment will be questioned by many who feel that no other individual has accomplished quite so much on the links as the great Harry Vardon, six times the winner of the British Open, once win-

ner of the American Open and the veteran of an infinitely larger number of historic battles than the young Atlanta player has to his credit.

Let me give the outstanding reason for my preference. I have played with Bobby and followed Vardon on numerous rounds of the links. As inspired and wonderful as the playing of Vardon usually is, his form possesses one acknowledged defect in the fact that his putting is frequently far below the standard of the other departments of his game—and putting is the most important of all departments of golf. Bobby is an accurate and reliable putter. He does not lose championships because of any sudden collapse of this part of his game. He is without major defect, since his tendency to hook long iron shots to the green, his sole fault, drops into the class of minor imperfections by reason of his ability to control the stroke and the fact that it is not always present.

The careers of these two famous golfers converge upon the same era of the sport, the spring-time of Bobby's association with the game meeting up with the autumn time of Vardon's. Comparison of their abilities is therefore possible, though it would be more clarifying if they had reached the crest of their form simultaneously. But it is on the basis of their being contemporary that I incline ever toward the American player. Succinctly, I feel that in a long-sustained

competition between them at their best, Bobby Jones would be the winner by the narrowest of margins.

Hagen, Taylor and Braid occupy in my estimation a place only a shade behind Jones and Vardon. Indeed, the entire five are so closely grouped that it seems like splitting hairs to separate them. I give Hagen the call on third place for the reason that he is not only a player of superlative skill but has won his chief laurels at a time when competition is keener than it ever has been.

As the ranks of amateurs have steadily taken on a larger quota of finished players, so have the professionals of championship caliber become more numerous with the expansion of the sport. Victory in the Open Championships of America and Great Britain becomes more difficult of attainment each year. And Hagen still continues on his way finding his place in the sun.

There are few players within my knowledge possessing the same facility for pulling a contest out of the fire as Hagen. He is a player of indomitable courage. His fund of optimism over the ebb and flow of battle is boundless, his temperament as stoical and ideal as that of Francis Ouimet. If Hagen makes a bad drive he figures that it is merely the break of the game and that he will get a good one from the next tee. If a putt rims the cup and just fails to drop at an important stage

of the fight, it does not fluster him, but simply spurs him to renewed effort. It was in last year's tournament of the Professional Golfers' Association, I believe, that an iron shot made by Hagen struck a spectator on the head and caromed off to the green, a mishap which would surely have unnerved the great majority of players. Hagen, after making sure that the spectator had not been injured, walked back to the ball and sank his putt for a birdie 3.

It cannot be denied that the task of an athlete on foreign soil is more difficult than at home. Yet at the time Hagen won his first British championship the names of three players from these shores were clustered at the top, Jim Barnes being tied with George Duncan for second place, and Jock Hutchinson finishing in the next position, only two strokes behind the winner. And not far removed from the head of the list, we find two old familiar names, those of the veterans Taylor and Vardon, occupying sixth and ninth places respectively.

Hagen's performances abroad have been even more spectacular than in his own country. In the championship of 1923 he failed by a single stroke to lead the field for the second successive time, finishing just a step behind A. G. Havers and one stroke ahead of Macdonald Smith. But the next year he repeated his triumph of 1922, and it was in this tournament that he gave an especially

stirring exhibition of the rare courage in his make-up. Hagen's finish in the final round of the Sandwich links was nothing short of a classic. Beset by trouble throughout the tournament, he entered the final phrase of it in the deepest of difficulties. Whitcombe, by virtue of a sensational rally in which he covered the second nine in 35, had finished with the low card of 302 strokes. Hagen seemed beaten. The only thing which could save him was a 37 for a tie and a 36 for victory, and either of these at Sandwich is hard of accomplishment.

Yet Hagen, struggling under the shadow of defeat, calmly dropped into that streak of cool, faultless playing which appears to be developed to its highest degree under pressure, and came home with a splendid 36—the exact number of strokes required to gain him the title.

Many students of golf will perhaps question the right of Macdonald Smith to be classified as the sixth greatest golfer in history. To the British golfers it will undoubtedly appear that Edward Ray or George Duncan should be ranked ahead of Smith, and to many in this country it will perhaps seem that Jock Hutchinson and Jim Barnes are more deserving. Again I say I am not using statistics or scientific means to regulate this informal ranking, but merely personal judgment based on observation.

I believe Macdonald Smith is one of the world's greatest golfers in spite of the fact that he has won neither the British nor American Open Championship, though he has hovered around both. It is the precision of his play which has attracted me, his mastery of every club in the bag and the ability to click off rounds year in and year out close to par figures. The fact that Jack Graham, the famous English amateur, never won an important title did not mar his genius as a golfer. Nor has the failure of Smith to win one of these open championships lessened his tremendous skill on the links.

The four greatest amateurs who have played in my time I rate in this order:

1. Bobby Jones, U. S. A.
2. John Ball, Great Britain.
3. Francis Ouimet, U. S. A.
4. Harold H. Hilton, Great Britain.

The ten greatest professionals I rate as follows:

1. Harry Vardon, Great Britain.
2. Walter C. Hagen, U. S. A.
3. J. H. Taylor, Great Britain.
4. James Braid, Great Britain.
5. Macdonald Smith, U. S. A.
6. Edward Ray, Great Britain.

7. George Duncan, Great Britain.
8. John Farrell, U. S. A.
9. Jock Hutchinson, U. S. A.
10. James M. Barnes, U. S. A.

In classifying the leading American amateurs I have given specific rank to only three and grouped the others without respect to the order of their placing. Among the professionals I give a definite place to four:

AMATEURS

1. Bobby Jones
 2. Francis Ouimet
 3. Charles Evans, Jr.
-
- Robert A. Gardner
Jesse Guilford
Max R. Marston
H. Chandler Egan
Jess Sweetser
S. Davidson Herron
William C. Fownes, Jr.
Walter J. Travis
Fred Herreshoff
John C. Anderson
Oswald Kirkby
Frank W. Dyer

PROFESSIONALS

1. Walter C. Hagen
 2. Macdonald Smith
 3. John Farrell
 4. Jock Hutchinson
-
- Jim Barnes
Leo Diegel
Gene Sarazen
J. J. McDermott
Willie Anderson
Bobby Cruikshank
Willie Smith
Aleck Smith
Fred McLeod
George Sargent
Tom McNamara

William Reekie
Eben M. Byers
Warren K. Wood
Ned Sawyer

Cyril Walker
Gil Nicholls
Joe Kirkwood
Mike Brady

The 1925 open champion, Willie Macfarlane, is omitted from the list for the reason that I have never seen him play. There are other brilliant American golfers whom I have not listed on similar grounds. Nor am I able to express my personal convictions with regard to the relative merits of the women golfers who have played in my time. And yet it would seem to me that this list should run something in this order:

1. Miss Glenna Collett.
2. Mrs. Alexa Stirling Fraser
3. Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hurd
4. Miss Marion Hollins

And that is about all I have in mind at this moment concerning golf. A while back I observed that of all the complex types which constitute our great fifth estate, there is no member of the brotherhood happier than the player who goes around regularly in the 80's, winning local prizes here and there, enjoying all the delights of well-played golf, but never burdened with the responsibility and grinding labor of striving for the higher hon-

ors. Now I make a single reservation. There is one happier member of the family. It is the chap who has taken his fling at the bigger stakes and after thirty years goes tramping again over the old battlegrounds, but with the accouterments of strife laid aside. I know something about that.

